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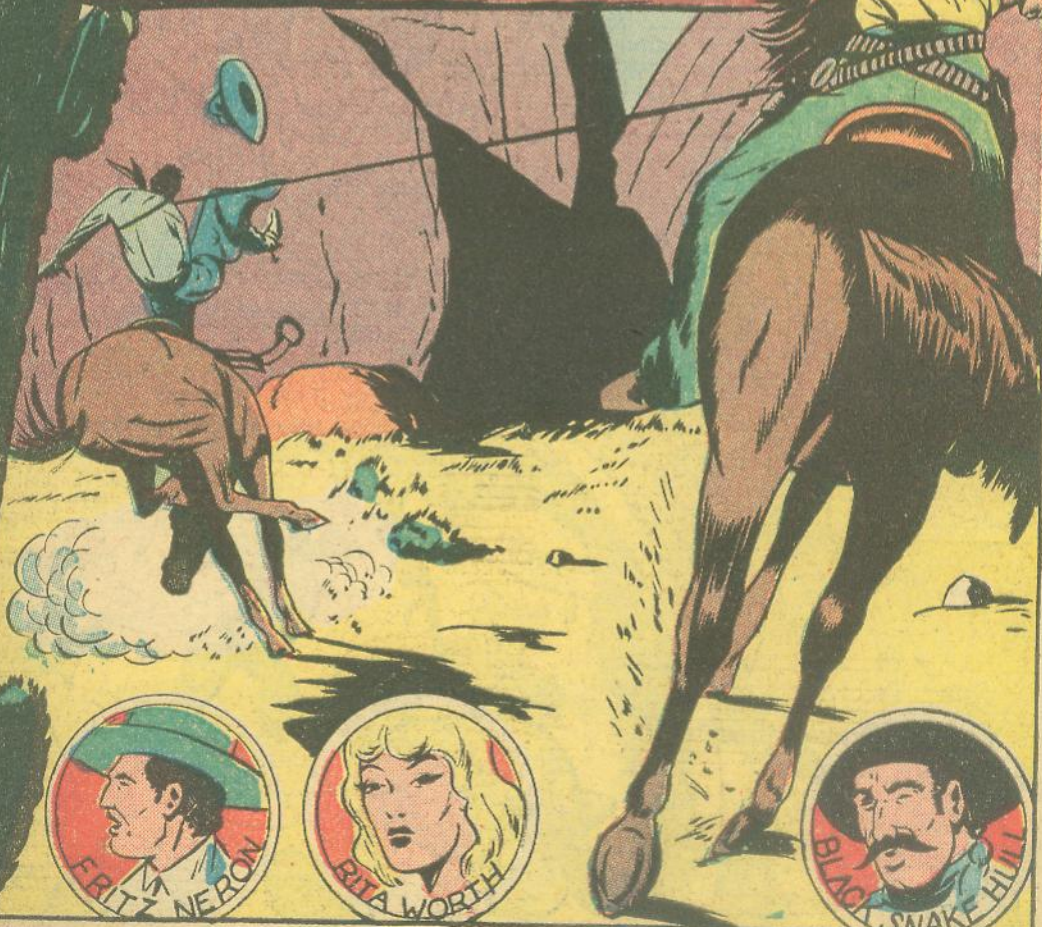
STATE.....

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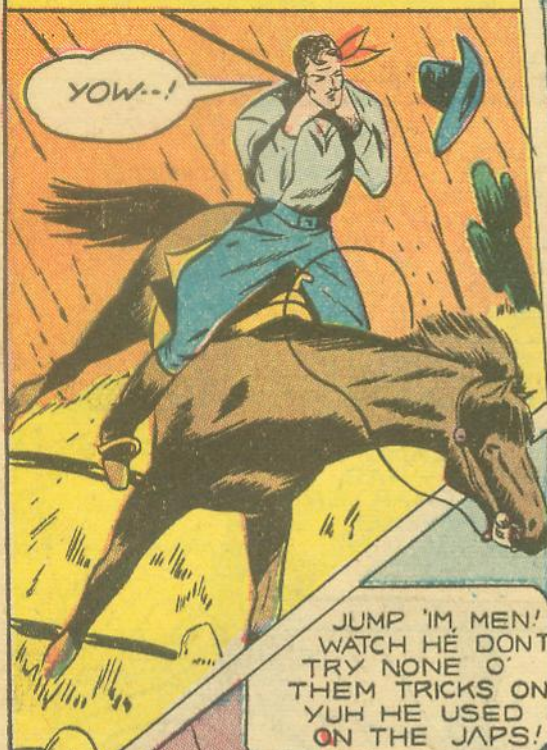
Hell's Angels



THREATENING TO SMASH THE HELL'S ANGELS NEW ENTERPRISES, THEIR T-BONE RANCH IN TEXAS AND THEIR WESTERN METEOR AIR FREIGHT SERVICE, WAS JUST THE FIRST MISTAKE THE MYSTERIOUS FRITZ NERON AND HIS KILLER CREW MADE.—THEIR SECOND BLUNDER, OF COURSE, WAS TRYING TO EXTORT BY TORTURE, LANK STRONG'S SECRET PLANS FOR AN ATOMIC-PROPELLED ROCKET THAT WOULD SHOOT ATOM BOMBS FROM THE MOON AT THE U.S.A.—BUT THE BIGGEST MISTAKE THE RUTHLESS NERON MADE WAS FORGETTING THE FIGHTING SKILL THAT THIS FEARLESS TRIO, LANK STRONG, CLEM WEST AND GIL LITTLE—HAD DISPLAYED IN THE WAR AS CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS FLYING TIGERS!----



RIDING DOWN AND ROPING
A WILD STEER, LANK STRONG
IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED--



WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
ROPING ME
LIKE A WILD
STEER?

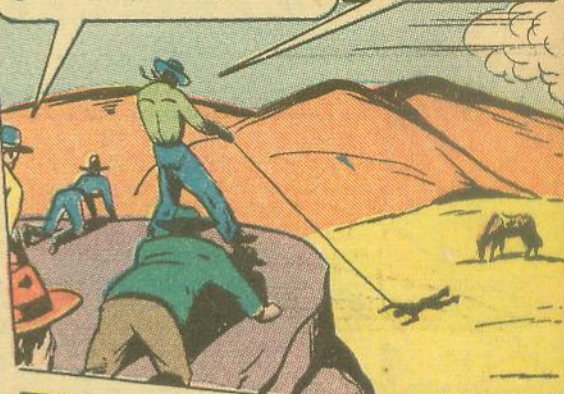


JUMP 'IM, MEN!
WATCH HE DONT
TRY NONE O'
THEM TRICKS ON
YUH HE USED
ON THE JAPS!



DAT WAS A RIGHT
NEAT LITTLE
JOB O' ROPIN'!

I NAILED 'IM!
LET'S GO!



YOU'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH!

I'M SORRY I
CANT GIVE YOU
GENTLEMEN
MORE OF A
SCRAP!--

I TOL' YUH HE
DIDN' LOOK SO
TOUGH!



--BUT I THINK I'VE
GOT ONE FAIR PUNCH
IN THIS RIGHT HAND!

WHAT IN
THE--?!

UGH!!

AWK!



BUT WEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD, LANK IS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED BY HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS, AND MINUTES LATER----

NICE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TO BANDAGE MY NECK, AFTER CUTTING IT ALMOST IN TWO!

OKAY, STOW THE GAB AN' SHOVE 'IM INTUH TH' SEE-DAN!

YOU'RE MORE USEFUL TO US ALIVE, SEE 'PAL?

AM STILL CURIOUS AS TO MEANING OF THIS SURPRISE PARTY!

STOW TH' GAB, LEGS!

WE'RE TAKIN' YUH FOR A LITTLE RIDE! FROM TEXAS TO NEW YORK



HOW CHARMING!

YOU SEE, PAL, MR. "BLACK SNAKE" HULL HERE IS DA WESTERN HEAD OF OUR BIG CATTLE RUSTLIN' RACKET!

YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF BEIN' THE GUEST OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST CRIME COMBINES IN DA COUNTRY, PAL! WHAT DO YUH TINK OF DAT?

I'M GREATLY FLATTERED! TELL ME MORE!



DON'T GET FUNNY, PAL---AN' ME, I'M OUR EASTERN HEAD-DA PRESIDENT OF OUR PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IN NEW YORK! LEGS MALLEY IS DA HANDLE, AND WE ARE TIED UP WITH THE SPY ORGANIZATION OF TWO GREAT FOREIGN POWERS!

SO WHEN THINGS GET TOO HOT IN TEXAS, MR. HULL AND CO. HEAD EAST, AND WHEN THINGS GET TOO CHILLY IN NEW YORK, MR. MALLEY AND CO. HEAD WEST. IS THAT IT?

EXACKLY, PAL!



WAIT'LL WE GIT TO
NEW YORK AN' YUH
GET DA DOPE ON
THIS HERE THING
WIT' YOU—SOMETHING
REALLY BIG!

I CAN
HARDLY
WAIT!

MANY HOURS LATER....

NOW WE PUT ON
CITY DUDS, PAL, SO
WE'LL ALL LOOK
PRETTY IN DA BIG
TOWN! DON'T TRY
NUTTIN' FUNNY!

OH, NO!

KEEP THAT
THERE
CUTTER ON
'IM LEGS!

SHORTLY....

OKAY, PAL, DIS IS
IT! AN' ONE PEEP
OUTA YUH AN' I GIVE
IT TO YUH, SEE?

YOU
EXPRESS
YOURSELF
VERY
CLEARLY!

WE'LL MAKE
UP YOUR MINDS
GENTLEMEN!

LOVELY WEATHER
WE'RE HAVIN'.
AIN'T IT!

REAL NICE
AND WARM!

AND AT LONG LAST, LANK IS
CONDUCTED INTO A SUMPTUOUS
PRIVATE OFFICE----

MR. STRONG, WE
HAVE INFORMATION
THAT YOU HAVE INVENTED
A ROCKET THAT WILL SHOOT
TO THE MOON AND BACK! WE
WANT YOUR ROCKET PLANS FOR
TWO GREAT COUNTRIES WHO
MUST MAKE A COMEBACK AND
RULE THE WORLD!

WELL! JUST
LIKE THAT, EH?

SURE, WE ALSO UNDER-
STAND THAT, WITH YOUR
PARTNERS, CLEM AND GIL,
YOU OWN THE T-BONE
RANCH IN TEXAS AND THAT,
USING THIS RANCH AS YOUR
HEADQUARTERS, YOU ALSO
OPERATE THE WESTERN
METEOR AIR FREIGHT SERVICE.

WE ALSO HAVE INFORMATION THAT YOU THREE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOUR ENTERPRISES! IMPERIAL INC. WILL PAY YOU VERY WELL FOR YOUR ROCKET PLANS, AND SO END YOUR FINANCIAL WORRIES!

DO YOU ALSO KNOW THAT WE WEAR RED STRIPED PAJAMAS?

THAT ISN'T FUNNY!- A WORD OF WARNING, MR. STRONG-IF YOU WON'T SELL YOUR PLANS, WE'LL TAKE THEM FROM YOU--BY FORCE!

HE MAKES A LOT OF FUNNY CRACKS LIKE DAT, BOSS!

I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY!

---SO MAYBE I HAD BETTER GIVE YOU MY ANSWER WITH MY FISTS!

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, MR. STRONG?

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, PAL. I HAVE TROUBLE EXPRESSING MYSELF WITH WORDS, SEE?

DAT'S ANUDDER LITTLE TRICK HE PULLS. YOU GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR, BOSS!... TAKE DAT SUCKER!

YOU WILL BE VERY SORRY YOU DID THAT MR. STRONG!

I'LL GIVE 'IM DA CIGARETTE TREATMENT, BOSS! I'LL BURN DAT FUNNY STUFF OUTA HIM!

Ooh!

AN' WHEN I GET TROUGH
WIT' HIM, I TINK HELL BE
READY TO GIVE US DEM
ROCKET PLANS.



NO TORTURE IN THESE
OFFICES, MALLY, HIS
SCREAMS MIGHT BE
HEARD. I SUGGEST--

HELL'S
KITCHEN,
HUH, BOSS?
DAT'S IT,
HELL'S
KITCHEN!



BUT IT IS. LATE THE NEXT DAY
YET MALLEY AND HIS MAUL-
ERS FAILED TO BREAK LANK'S
STEEL WILL----

OKAY SO HE WONT
PEEP YET, IF WE
CAN'T BEAT DA PLANS
OUTA HIM, WE'LL
STARVE 'EM OUTA HIM!

YEAH!

AND HOURS LATER, IN A
CLAMMY HIDEOUT DOWN
NEAR THE DOCKS AT
WEST 47 STREET-- AT

LIKE DIS
YUH MEAN,
BOSS?

SOCK 'IM
AGAIN, DEN
WE'LL SEE
DOES HE
WANNA
TALK!



WE'LL GO OUT AN'
HAVE OURSELVE A
NICE, BIG, JUICY
STEAK DINNER EH, BOSS



TO LANK'S AMAZEMENT THE
THUG UNTIES LANK'S RIGHT
HAND, GIVES HIM A PAD
AND A PEN!----

THROUGH LONG HOURS OF
WAITING, LANK SLOWLY
REVIVES AND FINALLY----

HOW YA
DOIN', BUD?

WHEW!
I REALLY
FEEL GOOD
----HUH?



I DON'T
GET THIS--

SIMPLE, BUD-- I JEST
DON'T LIKE MY
BOSS NERON, AN' I'M
WILLIN' TO MAIL A
LETTER TO YOUR BUD-
DIES FER YUH SO'S
YUH KIN GET 'EM TO
COME HELP YUH BUST
NERON!



AND SO THE FOLLOWING DAY,
BACK AT THE HELL'S ANGELS'
RANCH CLEM WEST RECEIVES A
VERY SURPRISING AIR-MAIL LETTER--

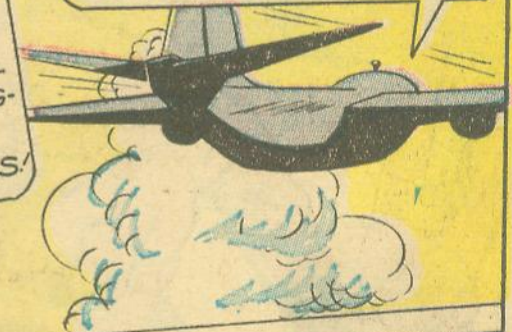
IT'S FROM LANK!
NOW I'LL FIND OUT
WHERE HE'S BEEN
THE LAST FEW DAYS



HE SAYS TO FLY TO NEW
YORK AT ONCE IN ONE OF
OUR BIG PLANES. HE'S GOT
AIR-FREIGHT CONTRACTS
WAITING FOR MY SIGNATURE
THAT'LL MAKE US RICH!
WHOOOP-PEE!



"JUST A QUICK BUSINESS
TRIP." I TOLD GIL I WAS
GOING ON! WILL HE BE
SURPRISED WHEN HE
SEES THOSE BIG
CONTRACTS!



AND SHORTLY----

THE OFFICES OF
"IMPERIAL INC." HE
SAYS TO COME
TO! GOLLY NOW
MAYBE WE CAN
GET OUR COAST-TO-
COAST FRESH VEG-
ETABLE SERVICE
GOING, AND HIRE
MORE VET FLYERS!



BUT IT'S CLEM HIMSELF
WHO GETS THE BIG
SURPRISE-- WHEN HE
ARRIVES AT THE
OFFICES OF IMPERIAL INC!..



ENOUGH, MALLY! NOW
TAKE HIM TO HELL'S
KITCHEN!...AND SEND
ONE OF THE MEN TO
COMMANDEER HIS PLANE
AT THE AIRPORT! WE
NEED SUCH A NICE
PLANE--FREE!



AND A HALF HOUR LATER--

CLEM! (GROAN) YOU GOT MY LETTER, BUT THEY NABBED YOU BEFORE YOU COULD DO ANYTHING, EH----

LANK! BUT YOUR LETTER SAID YOU HAD 'BIG CONTRACTS!'

HA'HA! DAT LETTER TRICK WAS GOOD!

HA! WE USED A CHEMICAL ON YOUR LETTER, MR. STRONG, WE ERASED ALL BUT YOUR SIGNATURE AND THEN WE TYPED IN A NEW LETTER THAT WE SENT TO YOUR PARTNER TO DRAW INTO OUR TRAP!

WELL MAYBE I'M NOT IN YOUR TRAP YET!

HERE, LANK, QUICK-- GRAB THIS KNIFE AND CUT YOUR OTHER HAND FREE!

AND THE TWO HELL'S ANGELS DISPLAY THE DARING THAT EARNED THEM THEIR WORLD FAME AS FEARLESS FIGHTERS IN THE WAR!

GREETINGS FROM TEXAS, GENTLEMEN!

PERHAPS YOU LIKE MY SOCKING TRICK BETTER THAN YOUR LETTER TRICK!

WATCH FOR A CHANCE TO USE YOUR JACKS ON THEM FROM BEHIND!

BUT GREATLY OUTNUMBERED AND WEAK FROM TORTURE AND HUNGER, LANK AND CLEM ARE FINALLY OVERPOWERED----

AND NOW, FOOLS, YOU HAVE THIS CHOICE--EITHER REVEAL YOUR ROCKET PLANS NOW, OR BE PLACED-ALIVE--INTO BARRELS OF SOFT CEMENT AND DUMP-ED INTO THE HUDSON RIVER!

YEAH!

SPEAK UP, FOOLS, WHAT IS YOUR DECISION?

AND AN HOUR LATER, AS RITA WORTH, A COW-GIRL ASSISTANT-FOREMAN RIDES IN FROM THE RANGE----

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HELL'S ANGELS' RANCH--

RITA, YOU'VE GOT TO RUN THINGS HERE FOR A FEW DAYS! I'VE GOT TO FIND LANK AND CLEM--

LANK GOES AWAY WITHOUT LEAVING ANY WORD. CLEM SAYS HE'S GOING ON A "LITTLE BUSINESS TRIP"--AND THEN NO NEWS--I DON'T LIKE IT--OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS! A LETTER FROM LANK TO CLEM!

GIL TALKS FAST----

WHEN I DECIDED THERE WAS SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THE LETTER, I USED A CHEMICAL ON IT THAT OBLITERATED THE TYPING, REVEALING WRITING UNDERNEATH--WHICH WAS AN S.O.S. FROM LANK!

SOMEBODY WHO WAS HOLDING LANK CAPTIVE, I FIGURE, USED THIS FAKE LETTER, TYPED ABOVE LANK'S SIGNATURE, TO LURE CLEM INTO THE TRAP TOO. I'M GOING TO RESCUE MY BUDDIES!

OH, GIL, BE CAREFUL!

AND AFTER A QUICK TRIP TO NEW YORK IN ONE OF THEIR DC-3'S----

WHAT I NEED NOW IS SOMEBODY TO GUARD THIS PLANE, SO THAT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LANK'S CONESTOGA WON'T HAPPEN TO IT--



GIL HEADS AT ONCE TO HELL'S KITCHEN IN NEW YORK----

--AND "HONEST MIKE," THAT BIG LONGSHOREMAN I MET WHILE I STUDIED AT CITY COLLEGE SHOULD BE JUST THE BOY FOR THAT JOB.

LONGSHOREMEN'S CLUB



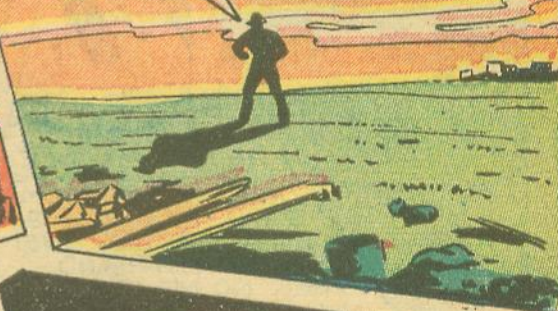
GIL THEN GOES TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN LANK'S S.Q.S. NOTE----

SURE THING, GIL, ME AN' THE BOYS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR PLANE ALL RIGHT.

THANKS, MIKE!--... WELL, I'LL GET GOING THEN!--



WHEREVER LANK GOT THIS ADDRESS, IT WAS WRONG ONE-- BECAUSE THIS IS PRACTICALLY A VACANT LOT!



AND THEN GIL GOES TO THE OFFICES OF IMPERIAL INC.----- IN DISGUISE!

DRESSED AS A PORTER, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO OVERHEAR THE REAL ADDRESS WHERE LANK IS HELD PRISONER!



TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MALLY AT 37 DOCK STREET: IF ANGELS HAVE NOT TALKED, GO AHEAD WITH RIVER PLAN!



AND THEN GIL GOES INTO ACTION!

PAYING A QUICK VISIT TO HONEST MIKE FIRST----

SURE THING, GIL. YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

FINE MIKE I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



BUT GIL'S TRIUMPH IS INTERRUPTED BY A NEW ARRIVAL!

OH-OH LOOK WHO'S WITH US!

SORRY TO INTRUDE-- BUT YOUR PARTY IS AT AN END!

(GROAN) AND HE'S GOT A SUB-MACHINE-GUN!



AND THEN SMASHING HEADLONG INTO NERONE'S HELL'S-KITCHEN HIDEOUT!

HERE DEY ARE, LEGS, FILLED WIT' SOFT CEMENT!

GIL!

GREETINGS FROM TEXAS, PUNKS!

HUH?!!



AT AN END? WELL, HARDLY! FOR SUDDENLY----

WE FIGGERED MEBBE WE BETTER COME RIGHT AWAY, GIL, INSTEAD OF AFTER TWO HOURS LIKE YOU TOL' US!

GOLLY, A GOOD THING YOU DID MIKE!

WELL FOR?!



HOLD IT, MIKE! IT WOULD BE SUICIDE BUCKING THAT TOY HE'S GOT--

WHY YOU--

DO NOT COME NEARER--AND DO NOT FOLLOW ME! YOU WIN THIS ROUND HELL'S ANGELS, BUT I WILL STILL AVENGE THE DEFEAT OF MY COUNTRY IN WORLD WAR II! YOU SEE I AM THE HEAD OF A VAST INTERNATIONAL SPY RING!

BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET RIGHT ON HIS TRAIL! WITH MY ROCK-ET, A FIEND LIKE NERON COULD DESTROY THE U.S.--BY SHOOTING ATOM BOMBS FROM THE MOON!....

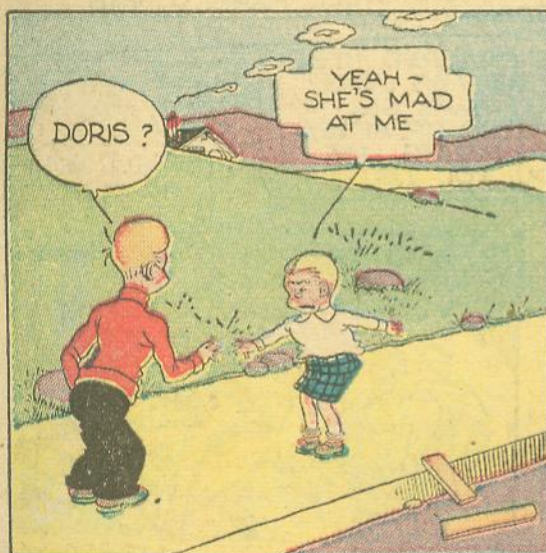
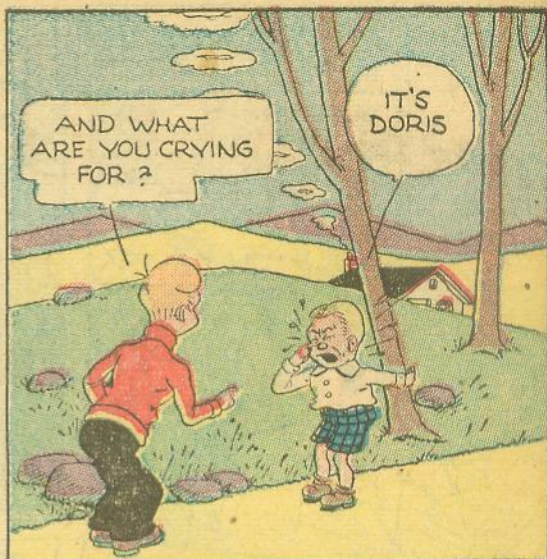
WE'LL GET HIM THE NEXT TIME. WE DID, AFTER ALL SMASH HIS WHOLE MOB!



The END

READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPARKLING STARS FOR MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE HELL'S ANGELS!

CHUCK



SPEED SPAULDING

AFTER FALLING DOWN A MOUNTAIN SIDE,
WINS BASKETBALL GAME.



ADVENTURES, FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, ALWAYS SEEMED TO FOLLOW SPEED. WHILE HIS SPORTSMANSHIP DREW THE ADMIRATION OF THOUSANDS, ALWAYS HIS RICHES OR ATHLETIC FAME AROUSED THE JEALOUSY OF SOME EVIL-HEARTED ONE. THIS TIME ADVENTURE WAS AHEAD OF HIM IN SOUTH AMERICA.

AS SPEED AND TEAM ARRIVE AT THE ACADEMY LA ESCUELA NUALA NEAR THE ARGENTINE-BOLIVIAN BORDER TO PLAY THE CHAMPIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

SPEED'S WEALTHY BREEDING AND DEMOCRATIC MANNERS WERE POPULAR WITH EVERYONE BUT JUAN, THE ARISTOCRATIC, SNOBBISH SON OF A CATTLE BARON.

I AM SENOR JUAN, CAPTAIN OF OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED TEAM. AND THIS IS PEDRO.

I'M SPEED SPAULDING. THIS IS COACH BILL MAHON.

I SUSPECT HIS EXHIBITION GAMES IN SOUTH AMERICA ARE JUST A COVER FOR HIS SPYING ON MY FATHER'S SMUGGLING OF DISEASED CATTLE OVER THE BORDER.





AND NOW HE TAKES MY SENORITA! I'M GOING TO "BUMP HIM OFF," AS AMERICANO GANGSTERS SAY.



JUAN BECAME MORE ENVIOUS, WATCHING SPEED PLAY IN ANOTHER TUNEUP GAME.

ISN'T SPEED GRACEFUL!

THE CROWD NO LONGER CHEERS FOR ME. LET US GO.

AT THE GAMING TABLES IN YACIUBA, JUAN LOST HEAVILY.

PEDRO, I NEED MONEY. BUT I HAVE A PLAN— THIS RICH AMERICANO, SPEED...



AS THEY DROVE BACK TO THE CAMPUS JUAN COOKED UP A SCHEME.

FIRST WE MUST GET SPEED SPAULDING INTO TROUBLE— I HAVE A PLAN.



I HAVE SENT A FRIEND TO INVITE SPEED TO THE ATHLETIC CONFERENCE TO BE HELD IN THE TAVERN IN YACIUBA. BUT IT WILL NOT BE A CONFERENCE —IT WILL BE A HOLD-UP.



SI, SENOR! VERY CLEVER!

PEDRO, WE WILL NOT GO TO THE CONFERENCE, AND SPEED WILL NEVER KNOW WE PLANNED HIS DOWNFALL.



SI, SENOR.



SPEED WOKE UP IN THE LOCAL JAIL, CHARGED WITH PARTICIPATION IN THE HOLD-UP.



MEANWHILE THE NEWS REACHED COACH BILL MAHON-

SPEED IN JAIL! I'LL GET HIM OUT, OR I'LL BREAK HIS NECK IF HE HAS DONE ANYTHING TO DISGRACE HIS NAME.



PEDRO REACHED THE JAIL FIRST.

SENOR. JUAN IS VERY POWERFUL. HE CAN GET YOU OUT AND KEEP YOUR NAME OUT OF THE PAPERS ---FOR \$5,000.

BLACK-MAIL, EH? NOTHING DOING!



THE COACH, CONVINCED AFTER AN INVESTIGATION THAT SPEED WAS FRAMED, RUSHED TO THE JAIL.

LET THIS BOY OUT OF HERE, OR I'LL SEE THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR!

WE APOLOGIZE, SENOR!



JUAN USES TRICKS TO CONVINCE SPEED THAT HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BLACKMAIL SCHEME.

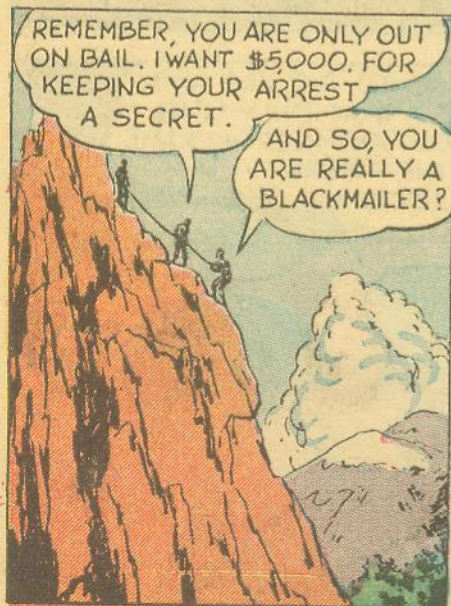
SENOR, TOMORROW IS THE BIG GAME SO, TODAY WE ARE GOING MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING IN THE ANDES. COME AS MY GUEST, MY DEAR FRIEND.

SURE! LET ME GO AND GET MY OUTFIT.



REMEMBER, YOU ARE ONLY OUT ON BAIL. I WANT \$5,000. FOR KEEPING YOUR ARREST A SECRET.

AND SO, YOU ARE REALLY A BLACKMAILER?

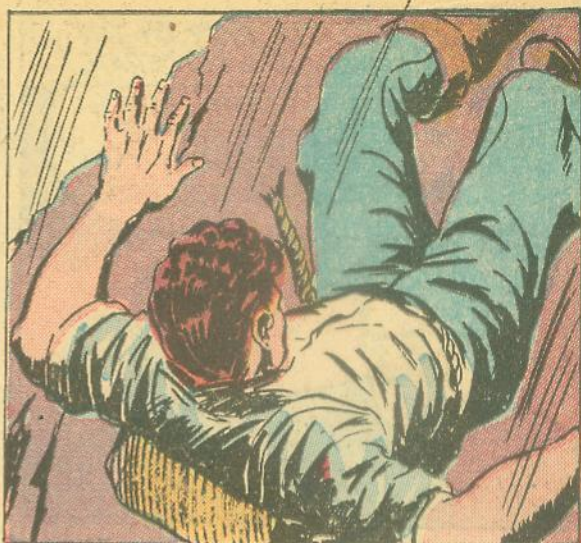
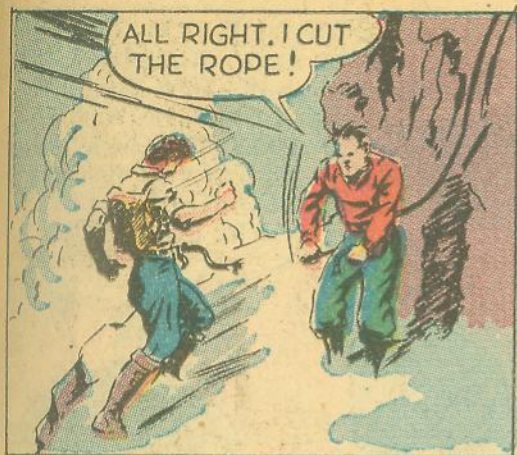


YES, PAY UP OR I'LL KILL YOU!



WHY YOU DIRTY!..





MEANWHILE COACH MAHON AND SPEED'S TEAM MATES SUSPECTING FOUL PLAY, ARE ON THE TRAIL.

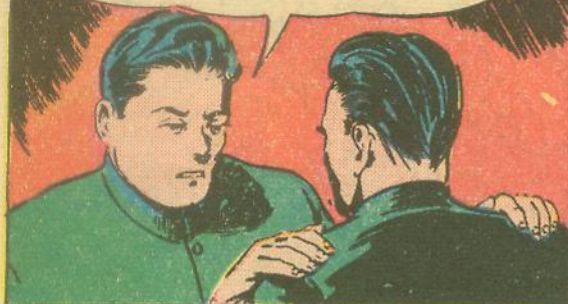


RESCUED...



WITH SPEED SAFELY BACK ON THE CAMPUS JUAN NOW WAS DESPERATE.

PEDRO, ONLY TWO HOURS BEFORE THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SPEED—I'VE BET A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

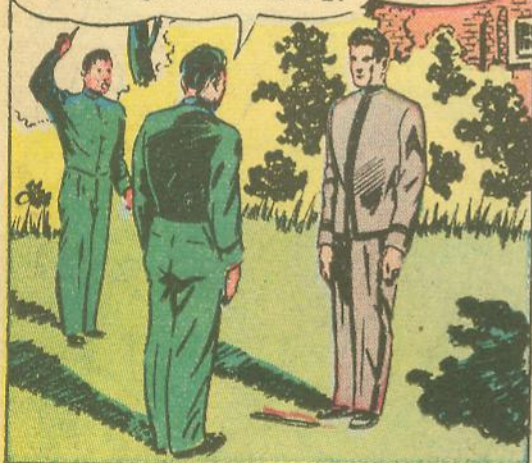


PICK A FIGHT WITH SPEED, SENOR AND STAB HIM.

AH, I'LL CHALLENGE HIM TO A DUEL OF HONOR. HE WON'T DARE TO REFUSE, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT DUELS AS WE DO IN SOUTH AMERICA.



A DUEL OF HONOR, SENOR. WHEN PEDRO COUNTS THREE, WE'LL BOTH REACH FOR THE KNIFE.



ONE.

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T FIGHT FAIR.



BUT SPEED MADE JUAN DROP THE KNIFE.

OH, I GIVE UP! YOU'LL BREAK MY ARM!

DROP IT ----- DIRTY COWARD!



SPEED MARCHED JUAN TO THE BARRACKS.

YOU'RE A DIRTY COWARD. BUT I WON'T DISGRACE YOU IN PUBLIC. I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE TO PLAY FAIR AGAINST ME IN THE COMING GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP BEGINS.

SPEED, IF YOUR SIDE HURTS TOO MUCH...

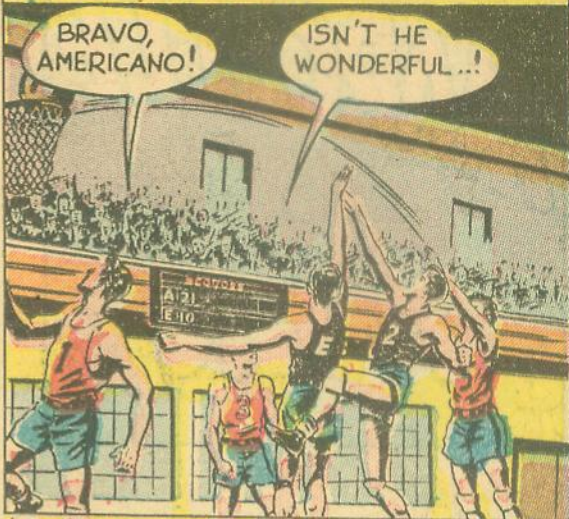
COACH, I FEEL ALL RIGHT.



DURING THE FIRST HALF SPEED FLASHED HIS OLDTIME FORM, TOSSED IN EIGHT BASKETS.

BRAVO, AMERICANO!

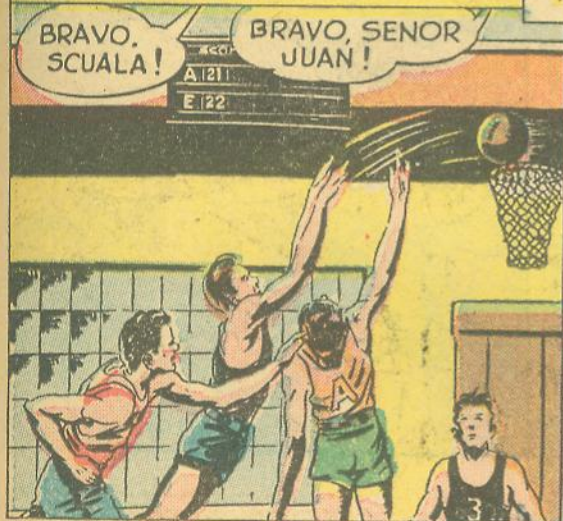
ISN'T HE WONDERFUL...!



WHEN THE PAIN IN SPEED'S SIDE BECAME TOO GREAT.

BRAVO, SCUALA!

BRAVO, SENOR JUAN!



THE COACH YANKED SPEED.

I KNOW YOUR SIDE HURTS FROM FALLING OFF THAT MOUNTAIN.

JUST LET ME REST A LITTLE, COACH, AND I'LL GO BACK INTO THE GAME.



SPEED WENT BACK AND FLASHED A FORM SUCH AS COACH MAHON HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE.

DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH FORM?

COME ON SPEED!!



FINAL SCORE: AMERICAN CADETS - 27: ESCUALA NUEVA - 23:

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, SPEED. I HOPE YOU STAY IN SOUTH AMERICA A LONG TIME -- NEAR ME.

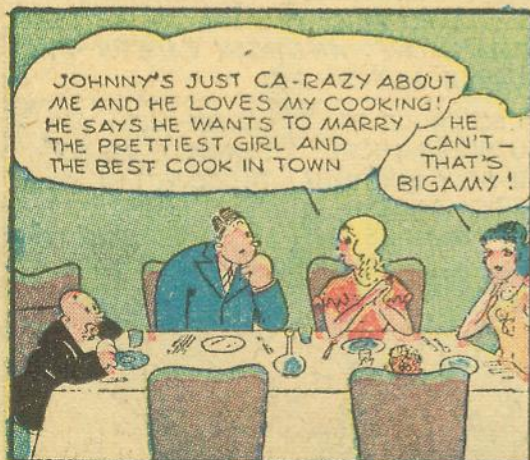
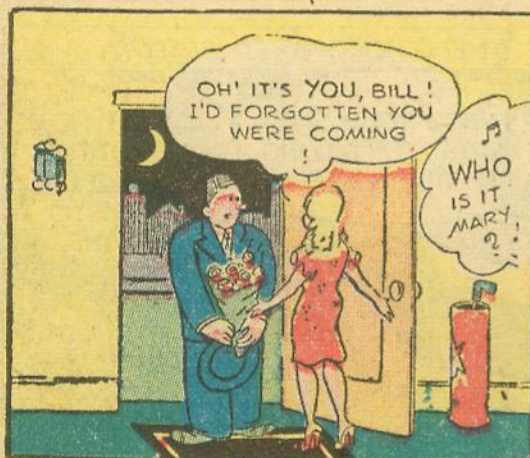
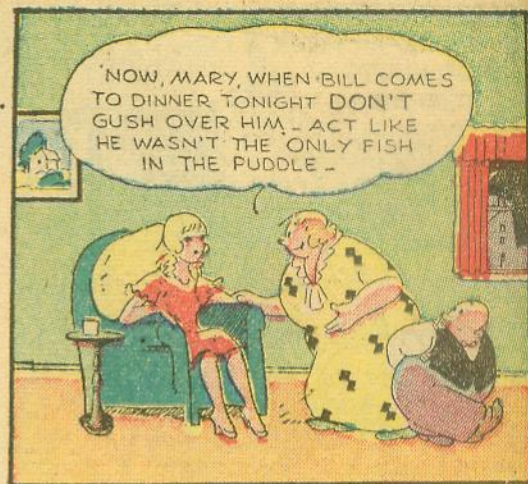
I AGREE WITH YOU, SENORITA, AS TO THE OBJECT OF YOUR PRIDE.. BUT I HOPE SPEED RETURNS TO GOOD OLD U.S.A.

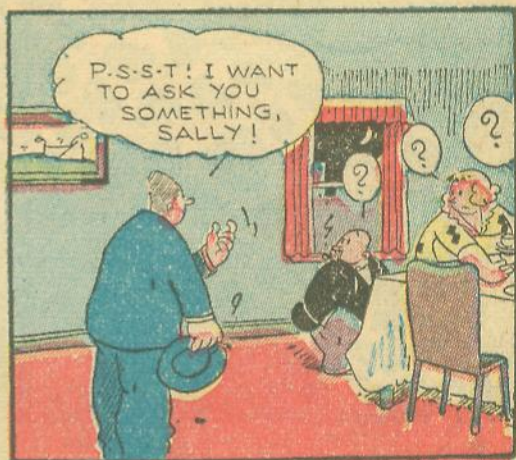
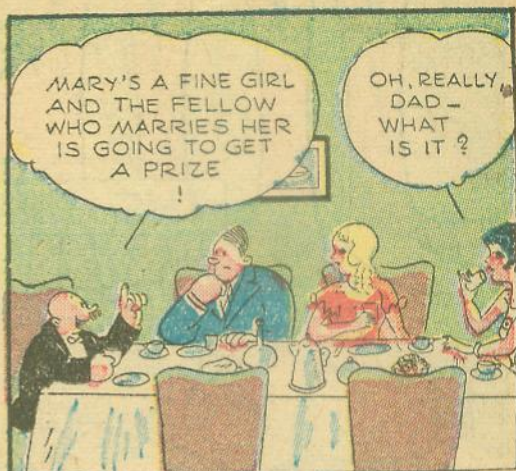


MARCELLE

AND HER

MEN







JUNGO
THE MAN BEAST

PHIL GANT, FAMOUS MOVIE STAR OF THE "JUNGO" PICTURES, LOSES HIS MEMORY FROM A BLOW ON THE HEAD — HE FORGETS HIS FORMER LIFE AND BECOMES IN REALITY **JUNGO, THE MAN-BEAST!** THE MARVEL MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS SPARE NO EXPENSE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIM, BUT HE ESCAPES — IN THE LAST STORY, JUNGO PLUMMETS FROM A BRIDGE AND FALLS INTO THE HOLD OF A SHIP BELOW, WHERE GLORIA DEAN, HIS FIANCEE, FINDS HIM, UNCONSCIOUS — WHEN HE REVIVES, HIS LOST MEMORY REGAINED, THEY ARE FAR OUT TO SEA...



JUNGO, I'M — WE'VE RUN
 I'M FRIGHTENED' INTO A BAD
 STORM — BUT AT
 LEAST IT BREAKS
 THE MONOTONY.



OUTSIDE, THE SHIP PLOWS THROUGH. A STORMY NIGHT—A TROPICAL HURRICANE CHURNS THE WAVES INTO FURY—



FINALLY, THE STRAINED SEAMS OF THE RUSTY HULL SPLIT OPEN, AND THEN —



ALL HANDS TO THE LIFE-BOATS! ABANDON SHIP!



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THIS SHIP IS BOUNCING AROUND— COME GLORIA, WE'LL INVESTIGATE!



JUNGO! THE SHIP IS SINKING!

THE CREW AND LIFE-BOATS ARE GONE! WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM!



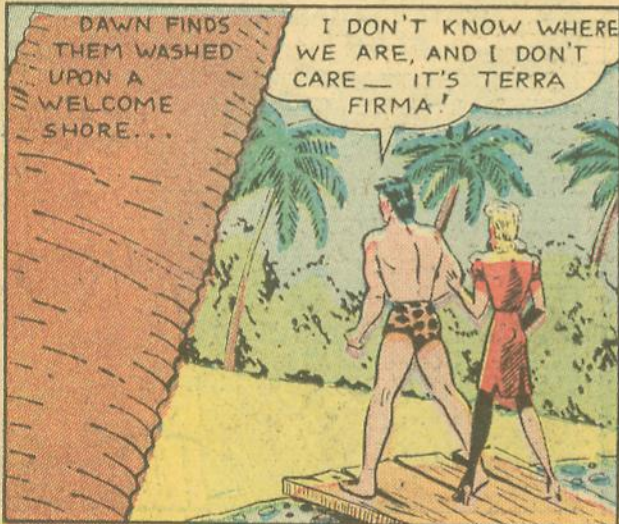
IF WE CAN GET CLEAR OF THE SUCTION OF THE SHIP WHEN SHE GOES DOWN, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE!



AFTER HOURS OF STRUGGLING THROUGH THE WAVES, THE EXHAUSTED PAIR FINALLY FIND A PIECE OF WRECKAGE LARGE ENOUGH TO SUPPORT THEM...



DAWN FINDS THEM WASHED UPON A WELCOME SHORE...



I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE, AND I DON'T CARE — IT'S TERRA FIRMA!

THE PLACE IS INHABITED — BUT JUDGING FROM THIS ARROW, I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S GOOD OR BAD!



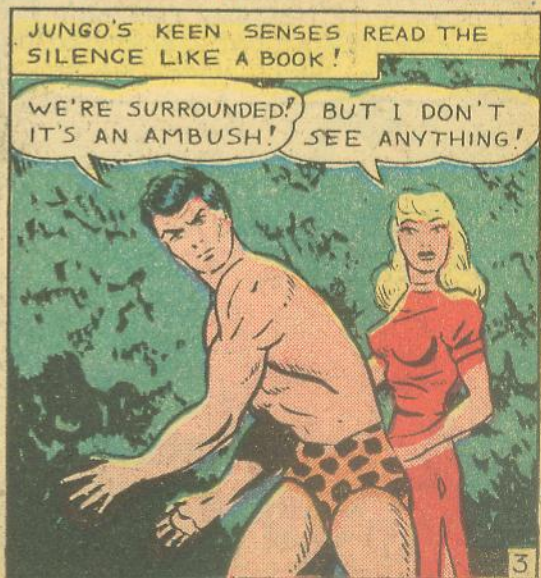
WHAT IS IT, PHIL? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WE'RE BEING WATCHED!



JUNGO'S KEEN SENSES READ THE SILENCE LIKE A BOOK!

WE'RE SURROUNDED! BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!



SUDDENLY, FROM EVERY DIRECTION—

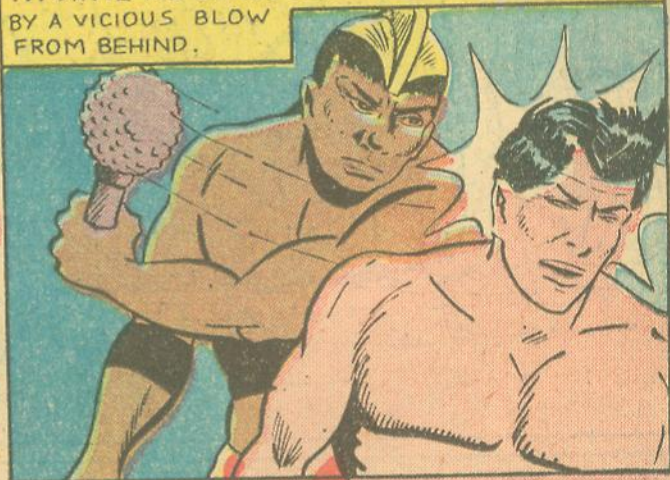
SOMETHING TELLS ME
I'M GOING TO HAVE MY
HANDS FULL!

OH!



JUNGO BATTLES FURIOUSLY
AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING
ODDS—

... UNTIL HIS STRUGGLES ARE ABRUPTLY ENDED
BY A VICIOUS BLOW
FROM BEHIND.



THE WHITE WARRIOR
HAS THE STRENGTH OF
A DOZEN MEN..

YES, IT IS MOST
UNFORTUNATE
THAT SO BRAVE A
MAN MUST DIE!



THE PROCESSION ENTERS A GREAT STONE CITY HIDDEN DEEP IN THE DENSE JUNGLE. THE TWO CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT INTO A TEMPLE, TO FACE A BEAUTIFUL BUT RUTHLESS QUEEN.



THIS HUMAN SACRIFICE BUSINESS SERVES TWO PURPOSES. FIRST, BY KILLING ALL STRANGERS, KNOWLEDGE OF OUR EXISTENCE DOES NOT LEAK INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD—WE DO NOT WISH TO MEET THE FATE OF OUR COUSINS, THE MAYAS AND THE AZTECS.

SECOND, THE CITIZENS WILL NOT REVOLT AGAINST MY RULE FOR FEAR OF BEING THROWN TO THE GIANT JAGUAR.

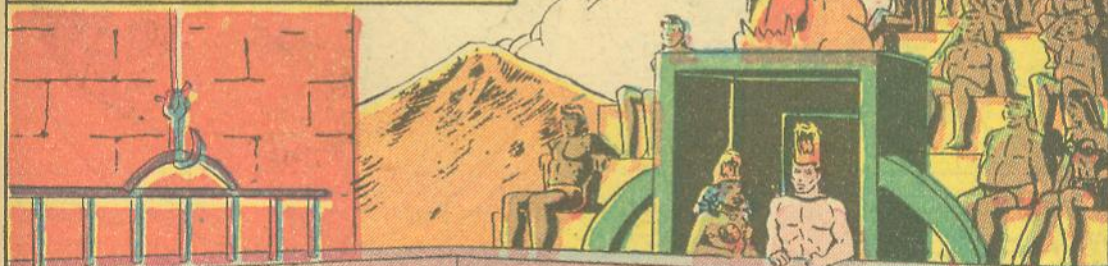
THERE'S A RELIGIOUS ANGLE TOO—MY HIGH PRIESTS TEACH THAT THE JAGUAR IS A MANIFESTATION OF MY SOUL—THUS I AM AS POWERFUL AND INDESTRUCTIBLE AS HE IS!

SO THERE ARE ANGLES EVEN IN THE JUNGLE!

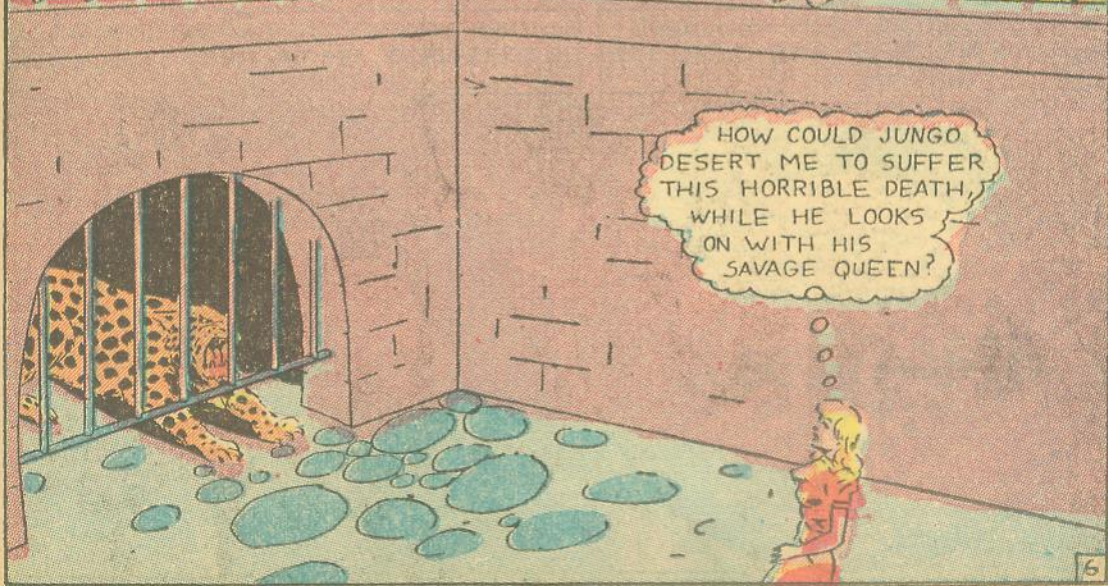


THE ASSEMBLY GATHERS FOR THE CEREMONY AND THEN THE ZCITEX QUEEN GIVES THE COMMAND TO FREE THE TREMENDOUS FREAK OF NATURE, THE **GIANT JAGUAR**!

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT SQUEAMISH ABOUT BLOOD AND GORE? THIS IS GOING TO BE QUITE A SPECTACLE!



HOW COULD JUNGO DESERT ME TO SUFFER THIS HORRIBLE DEATH, WHILE HE LOOKS ON WITH HIS SAVAGE QUEEN?



IT WILL BE EVEN MORE OF A SPECTACLE THAN YOU EXPECT, QUEENIE!

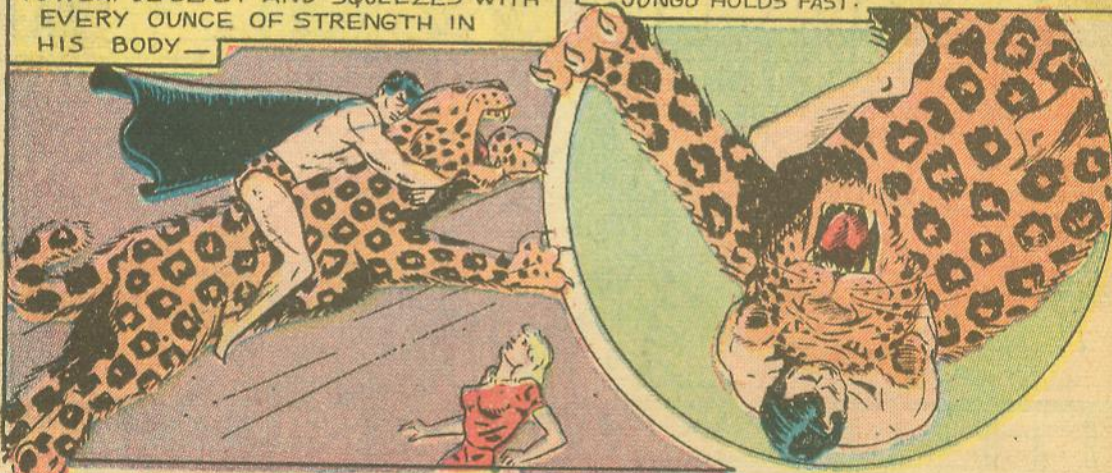


UNARMED BUT UNAFAID, THE MIGHTY MAN-BEAST TACKLES THE TOUGHEST ADVERSARY OF HIS FIGHTING CAREER!



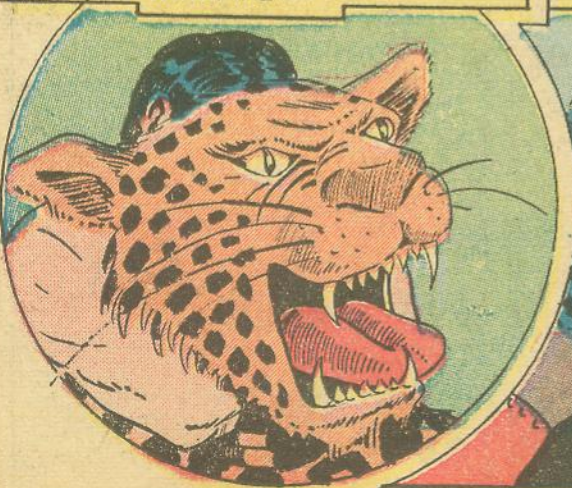
JUNGO WRAPS ARMS AND LEGS IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP AROUND THE POWERFUL BEAST AND SQUEEZES WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH IN HIS BODY—

— THE GREAT CAT ROLLS OVER AND OVER, TRYING TO DISLodge HIM, BUT JUNGO HOLDS FAST!



THE BEAST WEAKENS AS JUNGO'S CRUSHING STRANGLE-HOLD CLOSES ITS WINDPIPE....

...THEN SUDDENLY THE POWERFUL FELINE MUSCLES RELAX, AND THE JAGUAR COLLAPSES. DEAD!



NO! NO!
IT CAN'T BE!

GOT ANY MORE GIANT CATS YOU WANT EXTERMINATED?



SUDDENLY, AN AMAZING THING OCCURS—

THE GIANT
JAGUAR IS DEAD!

THE QUEEN IS
CONQUERED!

WE ARE FREE AT LAST!
FREE! FREE!



NO! NO!
I COMMAND IT!



AND SO—THE QUEEN DIES AS BEFITS
AN EVIL TYRANT—AT THE HANDS OF
HER PEOPLE...



...AND JUNGO AND GLORIA ARE DULY ELECTED
KING AND QUEEN BY THE LIBERATED
POPULACE!

LONG LIVE ZCITEX!

LONG LIVE
THE KING AND
QUEEN!

HUH?

AND US WITHOUT
A CAMERA!



IMAGINE! ME A
QUEEN! I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT
THINKING OF
ABDICATING?

I'M JUST
WONDERING
WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN
NEXT!



WHAT'S NEXT, INDEED? FOLLOW
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF
JUNGO — THE MAN-BEAST, IN
"SPARKLING STARS" COMICS
AND FIND OUT!!!

ESCAPE of a WORLD LEADER

Many years before he became famous in the last two World Wars, and while adventuring in Africa, the slim man in the bedraggled uniform, heart pounding, paused before the door, peered into the darkness about him, raised his hand and rapped against the weathered panels.

"Wer ist da?"

The question was flung from the darkness of an upper window.

"I want help. I've had an accident," the man at the door replied nervously.

Almost immediately lights appeared in the house.

The figure waited tensely as footsteps approached, as hands fumbled with the bolt, as the door finally swung open.

"What do you want?"

The questioner stood in the doorway, a tall, pale, moustached man. This time he spoke in English.

"I am a burgher," the uniformed man began. "I was going to join my commando at Komati Poort. I have fallen off the train, been unconscious for hours. I think my shoulder is dislocated." Once started the words poured out.

"Come in!" said the pale man abruptly.

Inside, a passage dark and narrow, led towards the back of the house. Unconsciously the visitor shivered, thought of the horrors of the prison he had escaped, wondered if this passage were to lead to another place of confinement.

At the end of the passage was a door. The visitor entered and stood in the oppressive darkness while his host lit a lamp. Its feeble rays disclosed an ancient office furnished with a roll-top desk, some files and two or three chairs.

"I think I'd like to know a little more about that railway accident of yours," said the pale young man, eyeing the visitor with suspicion.

"I think," the uniformed man replied, "I had better tell you the truth."

"I think you'd better," the host said slowly, drawing a revolver from his pocket.

"I'm a war correspondent on the London Morning Post. I escaped last night from the Boer prison compound at Pretoria." The visitor seemed to gain confidence. "I'm trying to make my way to the frontier. I need help desperately."

WATCHED ANXIOUSLY

The correspondent watched anxiously as his host grasped his revolver, crossed the room and

quickly locked the door. Turning, his pale face almost seeming to have taken on a bit of color, the man said, "I'm John Howard, manager of the Transvaal Collieries. Thank God you have come here! This is the only house for twenty miles where you would not have been handed over. The slim man was visibly relieved. "In that case perhaps I could ask for some food. Then we can discuss plans for my escape."

Howard thrust the pistol back in his pocket. "Of course."

Alone, the young man sank wearily into one of the chairs.

"Twenty-four hours out of that infernal sty," he mused. The tenseness of the hours of flight seemed to slip from his muscular young shoulders now. He saw himself scrambling over the high, corrugated iron wall of the Pretoria Prisoner-of-war compound, the backs of the guards almost in touching distance. It would be a matter of seconds before they turned. He must make the garden next to the compound. Once there it would be easy to reach the streets of Pretoria and perhaps freedom. His heart leaped as he slipped through the hedge, the garden was tenanted. Silently he drew beneath a bush. Would they never go? Minute after precious minute passed and still they sat. The wait was intolerable. Suddenly, almost before he was aware of it, they were gone. Escape was that much closer.

He saw his battered figure stealing through the darkened streets, now slinking into a shadow, now darting into a doorway, until before him loomed the freight yards. A string of empties, pulled by a stubby, chugging engine, puffed slowly by. Was it pointed toward the coast and safety or was its destination inland? There was no time for decision. Thank God fortune had been with him. Even tonight, stumbling about in the darkness, the limitless expanse of the veldt and seeing finally, the flames from the colliery engines—an English colliery!

There was a noise in the passage and John Howard entered, bearing food and drink.

"When you're done here," Howard explained, "we'll hide you in the mine. The workings aren't in use now, we're just keeping the water pumped out."

"You have a plan of escape?" the correspondent paused in his eating.

"No, not yet," Howard admitted. "There is a terrific hue and cry out for you now. Practically any plan would be sure to fail."

RATS IN THE MINE

If it hadn't been for the rats, the three days in the mine wouldn't have been so bad. The first time he had fallen asleep they had eaten his candle and he had been in terrifying blackness for over 12 hours, until Howard came.

When he lay still he could hear the patter of their feet, just outside the circle of light cast by the flickering candle. Sometimes he fancied he could see their beady eyes staring through the gloom, but when he closed his own eyes and the pin-point red dots still danced in front of his lids he knew it was his imagination.

The second night he awoke from an uneasy slumber, with the disturbing notion that something, someone, unknown and terrible, was searching cautiously under his pillow. Lying motionless, he waited until nerves already stretched to the limit snapped. With all the speed he could summon he drove his hand under the pillow, clutched for the thing that had been moving. A soft, furry body slipped through his fingers.

Hastily he lighted a candle. As the flame sprang into life a commotion rose all around him and he caught the sight of large white bodies darting away.

After that he tried not to sleep, or if he did doze away, with the candle still burning, quick visions of huge white rodents sprang into his tortured brain, jolting him back to consciousness.

Finally, at the end of the third day, when he thought his brain must surely snap, Howard appeared.

"Come! We've no time to lose," Howard's gaunt figure was tense with impatience. "You're going to the coast by rail, as part of a wool shipment."

For a day and a half the train had puffed and wheezed toward the border. A place had been left for him between two huge bales, so that he could lie comfortably. Howard had provided him with a revolver, food, and three bottles of cold tea. As long as he kept to his cubby there was no chance of detection, but early this morning they had

pulled into Komati Poort, the border between Dutch and Portuguese territory, where the train would be inspected.

There was little chance that he would be found. Little chance, and yet just enough to get a cold sweat running down his back. Suppose some inquisitive burgher demanded the bales be moved?

RUDE TO HERO

They would find him lying there, with his bottles of tea and the carcass of the chicken and his revolver. It would all be ridiculously silly. The days in the mine, the escape from Pretoria. All wasted at the last moment. The very grimness of the situation almost made him smile. At least he had given the Boers a merry chase. They would think twice this time before they put him into another compound. They would know enough to stand him before a wall and shoot him, thus ending their troubles once and for all with him.

His sense of the dramatic was almost injured as the train started with a jerk as he realized he was now a free man. He could hang from the car, fire his revolver, yell at the top his voice and it didn't matter, he was no longer in Dutch territory.

Late that afternoon the train stopped again. A glance at the sign, "Laurenco Marques," told him he had reached the end of his journey.

Minutes later he stood before the desk of a clerk in the British consulate. The clerk took in his torn uniform, unshaven face, the dirt and grime on his hands.

"Be off!" he said. "The consul cannot see you today. Come back at 9 in the morning if you want anything."

The correspondent clutched the desk, spoke evenly, in spite of his anger.

"Tell the consul," he said, "that Mr. Winston Churchill is waiting for him."

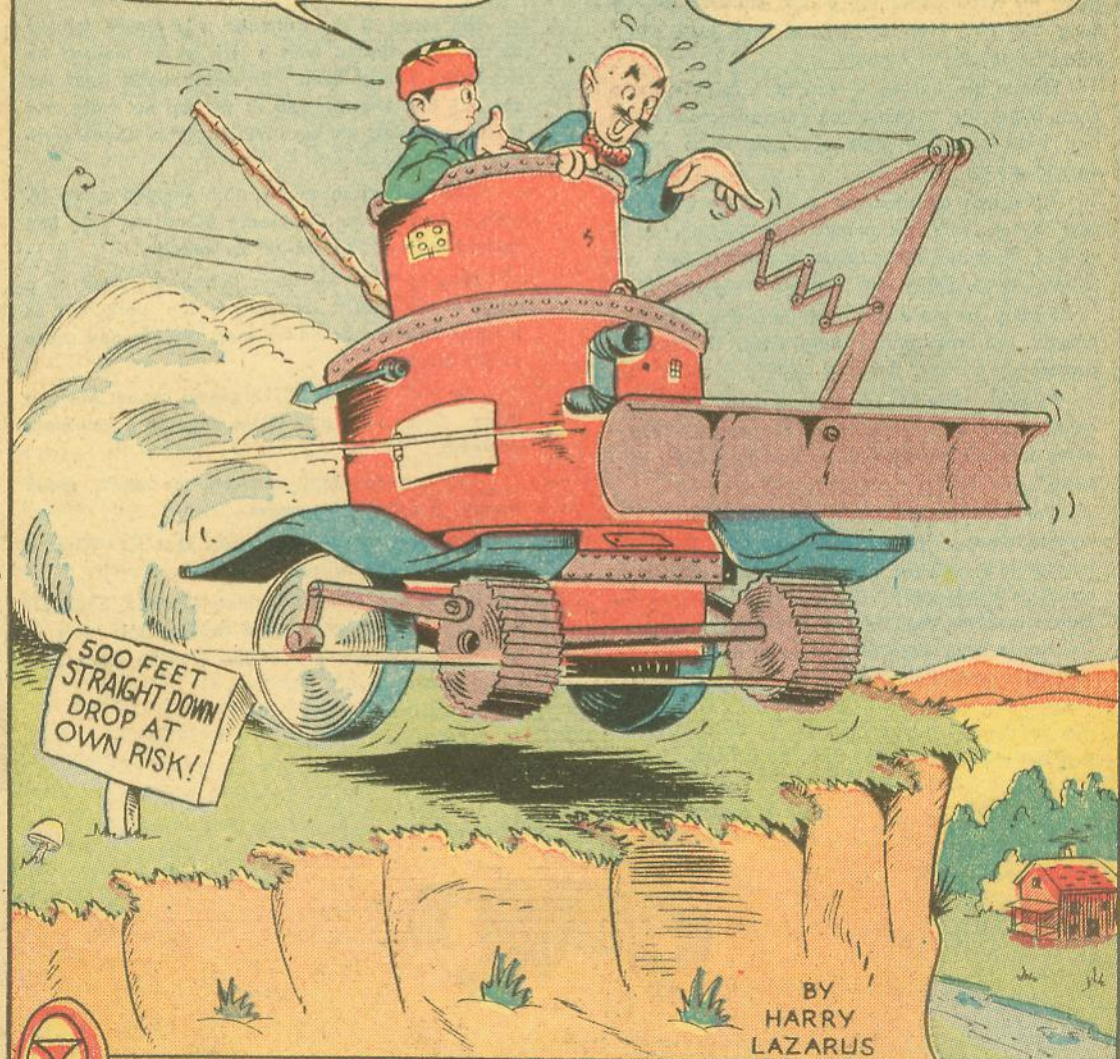
It was the young, dashing Winston Churchill who later helped to win the two greatest wars in history and who is one of the greatest leaders of our century.



ALI BABBA

THIS INVENTION OF YOURS
IS QUITE A THING!
BUT WHAT IS IT FOR,
THIS THING-A-MA-JING?

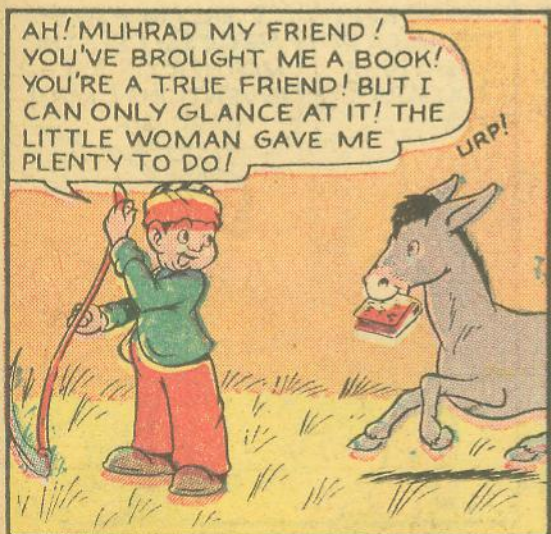
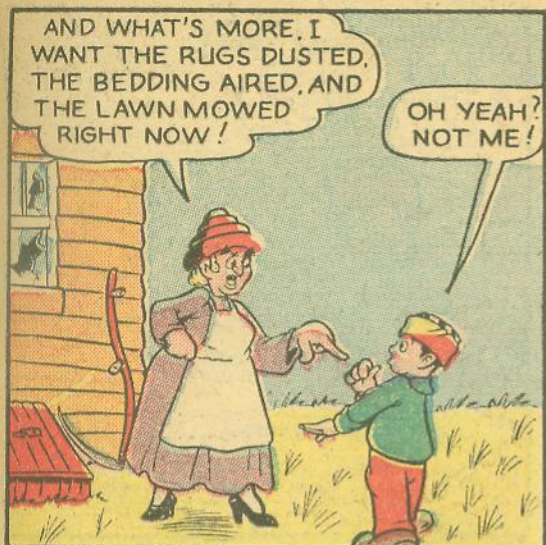
I WISH I COULD SAY,
BUT RIGHT NOW, I FEEL MUTE!
WE'D BETTER BOTH PRAY
FOR A *PARACHUTE!*

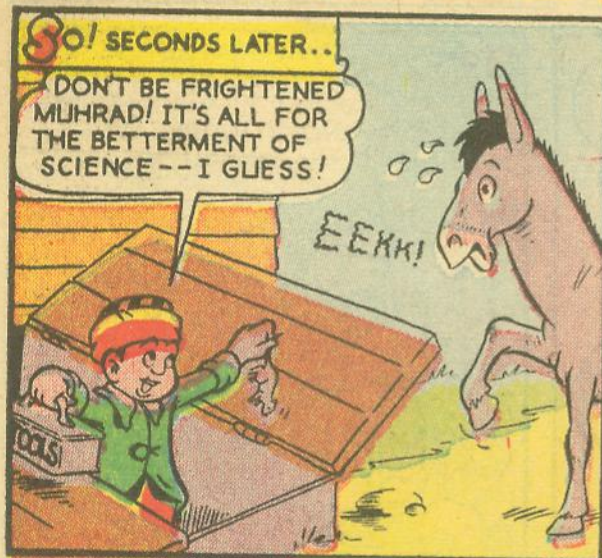


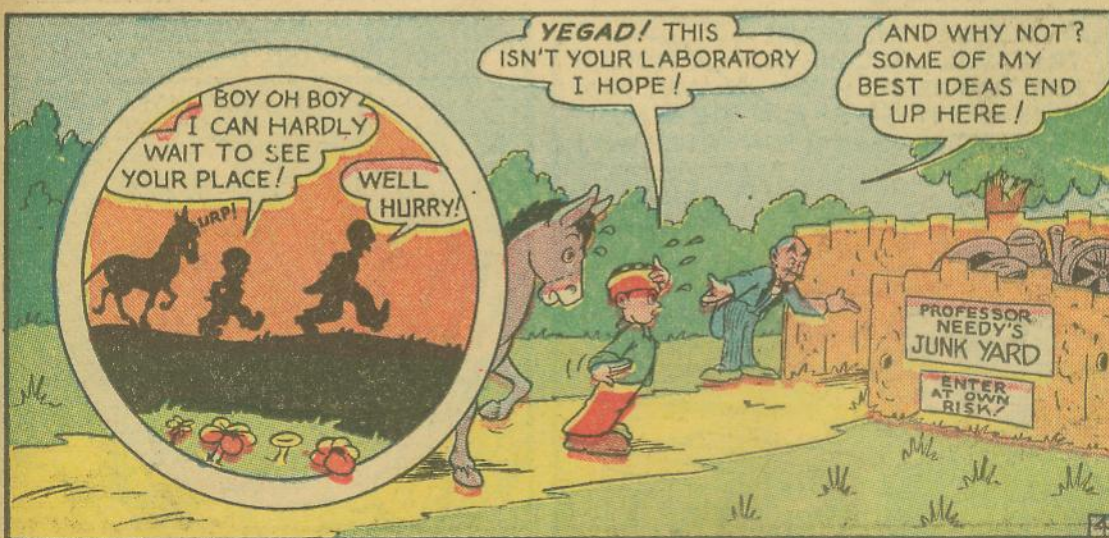
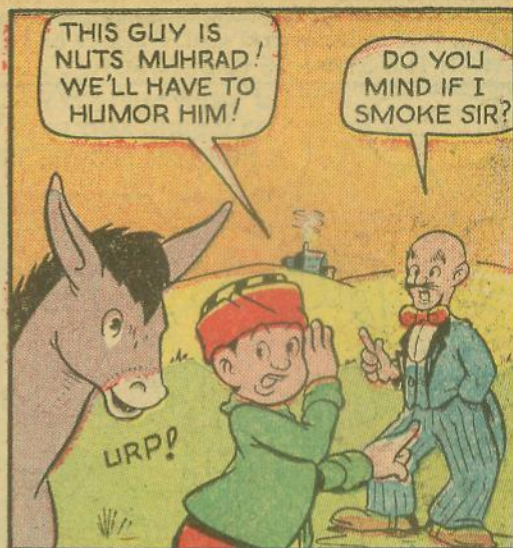
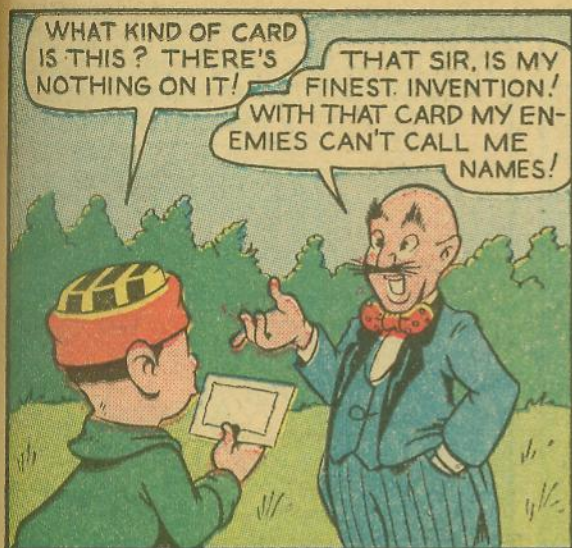
BY
HARRY
LAZARUS



LI MEETS UP WITH A MAD INVENTOR! --- FOLLOW HIM IN THIS
HIS WILDEST AND QUEEREST ADVENTURE!







ALI HOPEFULLY BUT CAUTIOUSLY ENTERS WITH THE STRANGE PROFESSOR!

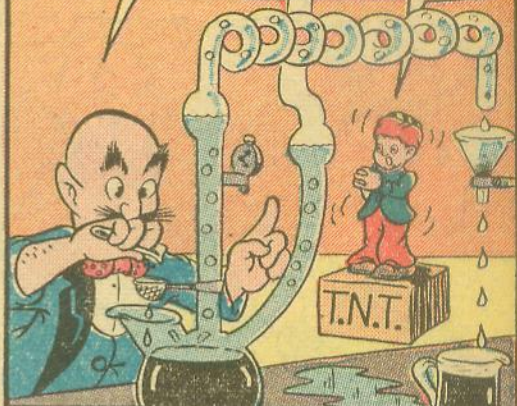
NOW PROF??

NOW WE GO TO WORK, AND PRESTO! A BETTER MOUSE TRAP!



SH-H-H! IT'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE!

GEE, I COULDN'T BE MORE NERVOUS IF I WAS STANDING ON DYNAMITE!



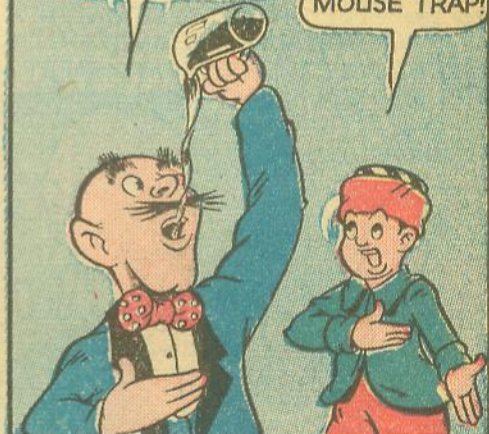
IT'S FINISHED! IT'S A SUCCESS! NOW I HAVE IT!!

N-NOW YOU HAVE WHAT, PROFESSOR?



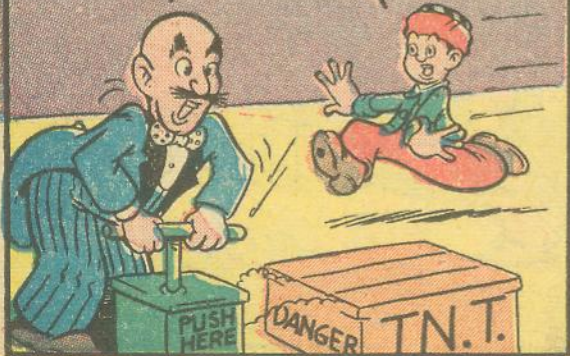
WHY - GLUB! - 100% PROOF BEER OF COURSE (GLUB)

BEER? BUT WHAT ABOUT MY MOUSE TRAP?



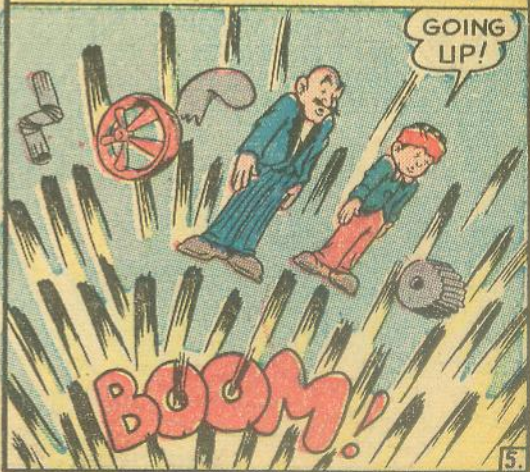
OH YES - - THE MOUSE TRAP! WELL ALL WE DO FOR THAT IS TO PUSH THIS - - - IT SAYS -

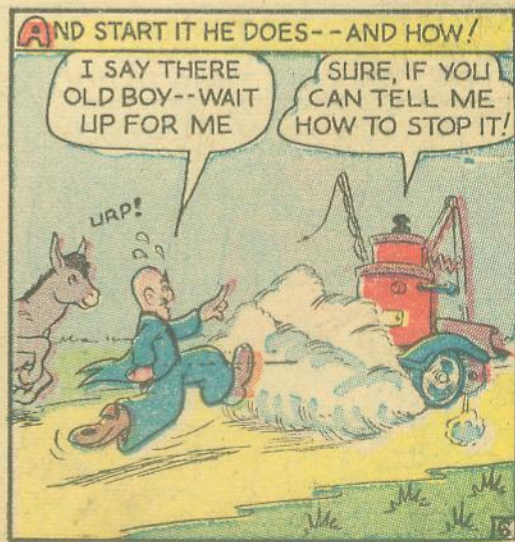
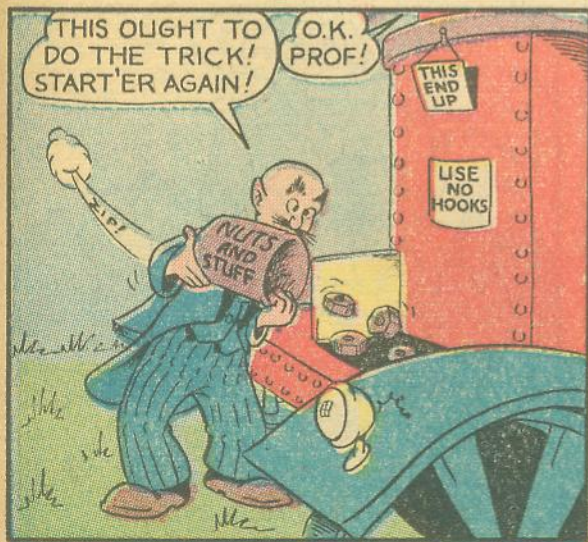
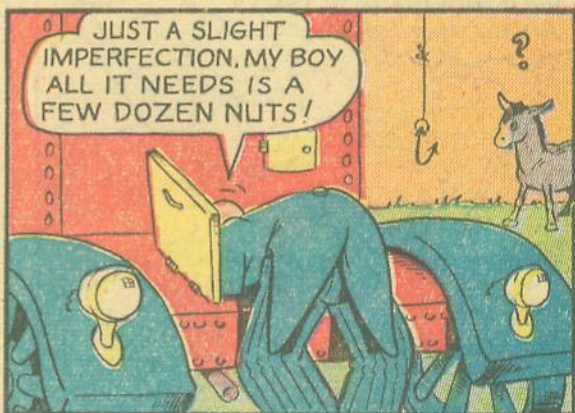
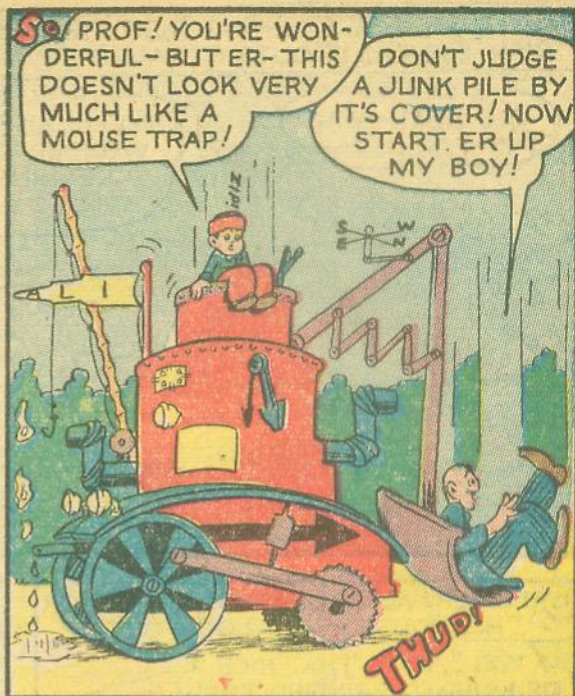
NO! NO! WAIT PROF! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!



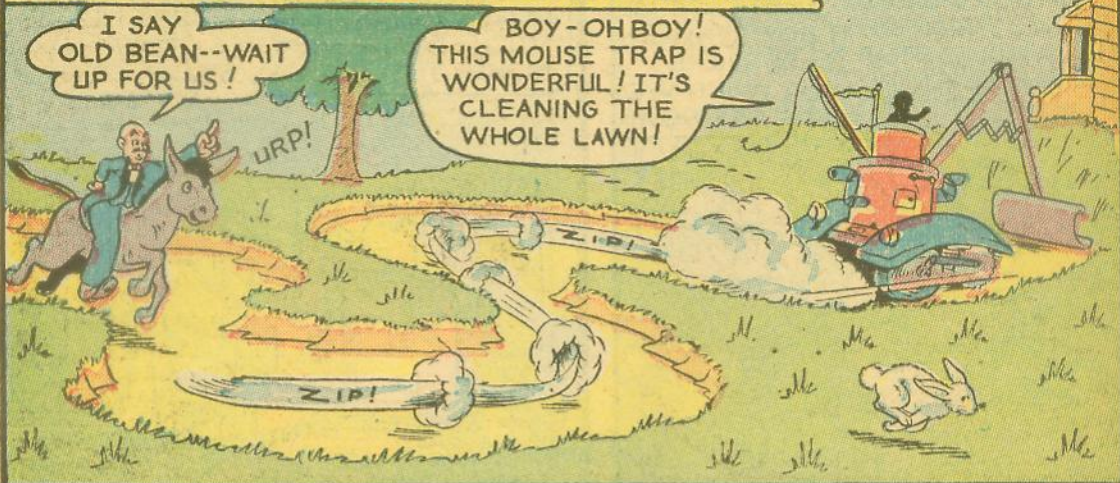
BUT ALAS! THE PROFESSOR DOESN'T THINK SO! - - AND THERE THEY GO - -

GOING UP!

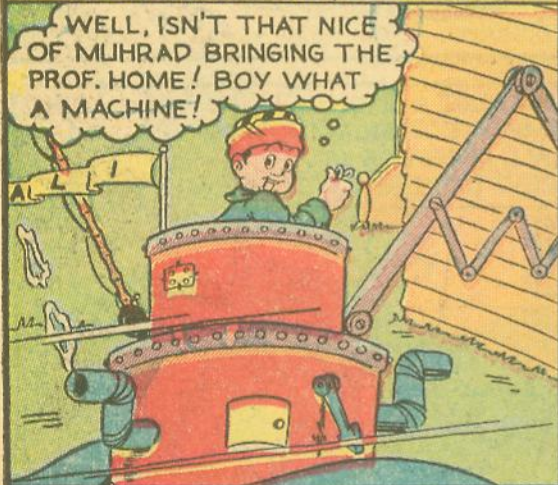




BUT THERE'S NO STOPPING THEIR STRANGE CONTRAPTION NOW- EVEN AS IT CUTS STRAIGHT TOWARD ALI'S HOME!



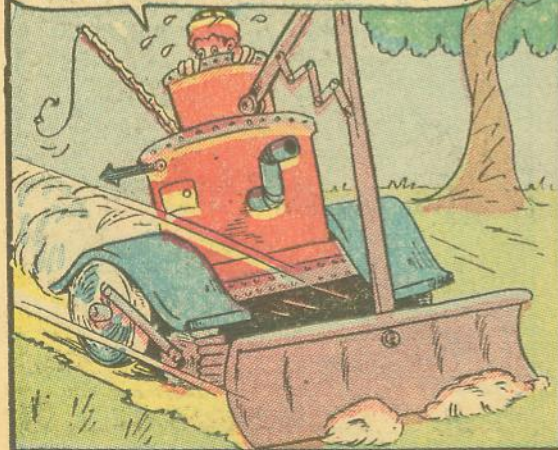
OH GOSH! ALI IS HEADING RIGHT FOR HIS HOUSE -- ALI, LOOK OUT!



OH-OH! TOO LATE!



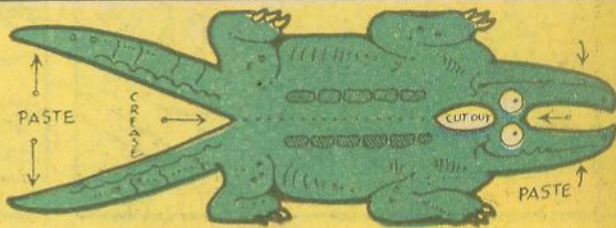
SAY! BETTER STOP THIS THING BEFORE IT DOES SOME DAMAGE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!





Puzzle Page

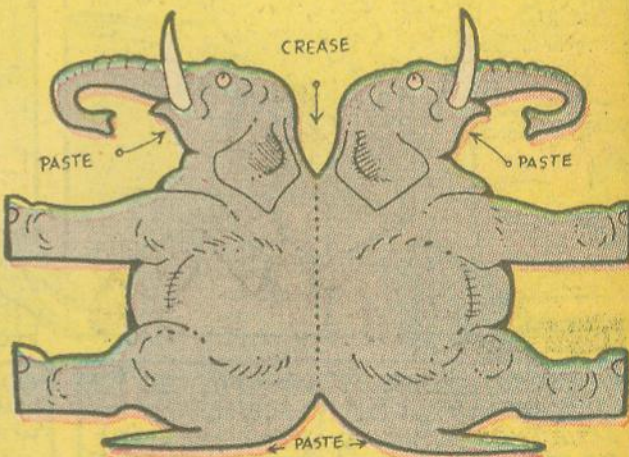
TEDDY BEAR WANTS YOU TO ARRANGE THIRTEEN SMALL OBJECTS TO MAKE THE CROSS SHOWN. THEN TRY TO TAKE AWAY TWO OF THE OBJECTS AND ARRANGE THEM IN SUCH A WAY THAT THERE WILL STILL BE NINE COUNTING FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP AND ALSO FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE ENDS OF EACH ARM.

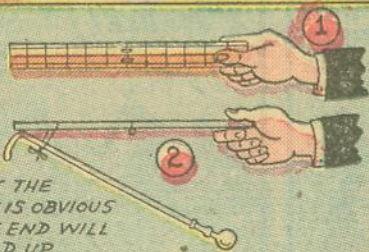
CUT-OUT FUN

IF YOU CUT OUT THE ALLIGATOR AND THE ELEPHANT AROUND THE ENTIRE OUTLINES AND CREASE THEIR BACKS ON THE DOTTED LINES THEY WILL STAND UP FOR YOU. PASTE THE HALF-HEADS AND THE HALF-TAILS TOGETHER.

BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN "DANGLE" TRY TO SPELL 40 OR MORE ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS.

USE AN ORDINARY FOLDING CARPENTER'S RULE TO PERFORM THIS "IMPOSSIBLE" TRICK. HOLD IT AS IN SKETCH NO. 1; THEN TURN IT SO THAT THE HINGE IS DOWN... IT IS OBVIOUS THAT A TOUCH ON THE END WILL MAKE THE RULE FOLD UP.



TAKE A POKER, OR SOME LONG, HEAVY OBJECT, AND BY MAKING A LOOP OF STRING HANG IT TO THE END OF THE RULE AS SHOWN IN PICTURE NO. 2.

THE RULER WILL NOT ONLY NOT FOLD BUT WILL ACTUALLY STRAIN UPWARD, IN APPARENT DEFIANCE OF THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

**TOE ROSE
RATE
SPARE
FORT**

CHANGE ONE LETTER IN EACH OF THE ABOVE WORDS TO SPELL THE NAMES OF FIVE GARDEN IMPLEMENTS



BOXIE WEAVER

AT THE LOCAL BOXING ARENA
IN NORTH MAINE
BOXING TONIGHT

BOXIE WEAVER & SAILOR SHIPLEY

NEVER THOUGHT BOXIE WEAVER
WOULD FIGHT UPHERE WHERE WE
HAVE NO BOXING COMMISSION TO
PROTECT HIM FROM CROOKED
MATCHMAKERS!

MEANWHILE, BOXIE AND ACE
DRIVE TO THE ARENA...

WELL, EVERYTHING'S GONE O.K.
EVEN WITHOUT A STATE BOXING
COMMISSION UP HERE, IT'S STILL
GOING TO BE AN HONEST
FIGHT!

KNOCK ON
WOOD!

LOOK
OUT!

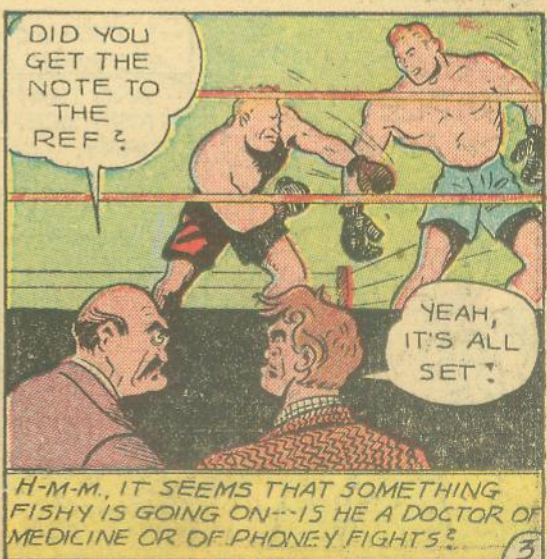
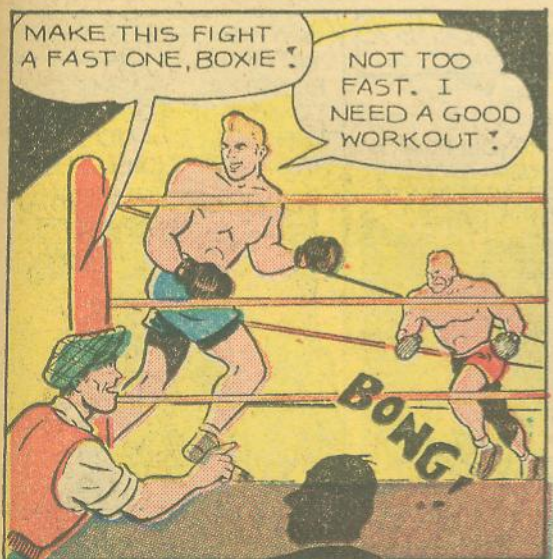
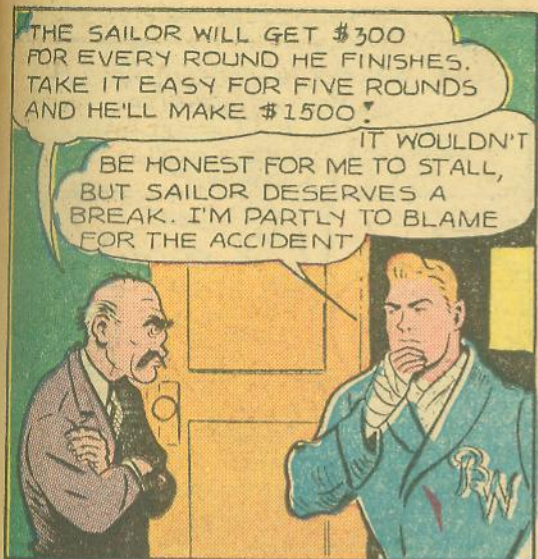
JUMPING JUPITER!
WHERE'D THAT
CAR COME FROM?

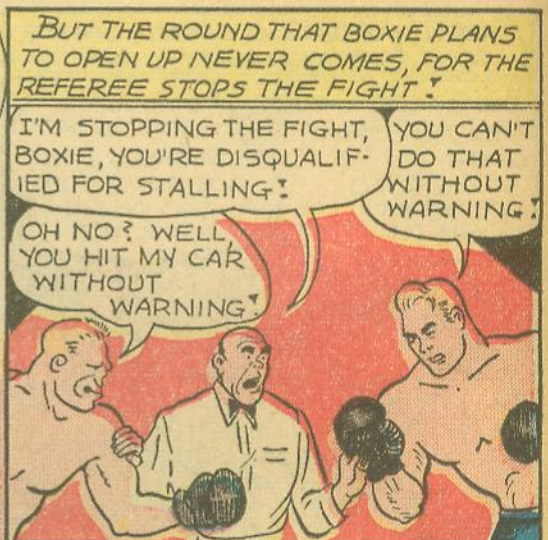
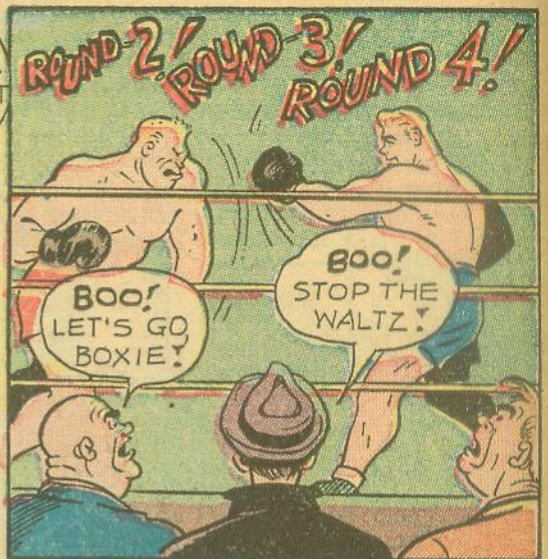


ARE YOU
OKAY,
BOXIE?

YEAH, ACE, BUT I SAID
"KNOCK ON WOOD---NOT
AGAINST ANOTHER CAR!"







I CALLED THE HOSPITAL. THEY HAVE NO RECORD OF THE ACCIDENT. THEN I CHECKED WITH THE NEWSPAPERS---THE SAILOR ISN'T MARRIED!

BOY, WERE WE TAKEN FOR SUCKERS?

HURRY, HURRY, THE MASKED MARVEL IS HERE!

MAYBE WE CAN GET CAR-FARE MONEY FIGHTING THAT GUY.

LOOK! THERE'S SAILOR SHIPLEY WALKING WITH THE "DOCTOR" AND HIS GIRL FROM THE ACCIDENT! SAY, I HAVE AN IDEA. LET'S GET THAT BARKER ALONE.

BOXIE WEAVER! GOLLY, I DON'T WANT NO PART OF HIM!

SAY, YOU AIN'T GONNA FIGHT ME. I AIN'T IN CONDITION.

I WANT TO TAKE YOUR PLACE. SAILOR SHIPLEY IS OUTSIDE. CHALLENGE HIM---

BET HIM AN EXTRA THOUSAND THAT HE WON'T LAST A ROUND.

BOY, I'M ALL FOR YOU. THE SAILOR GAVE ME THEM PEEPER.

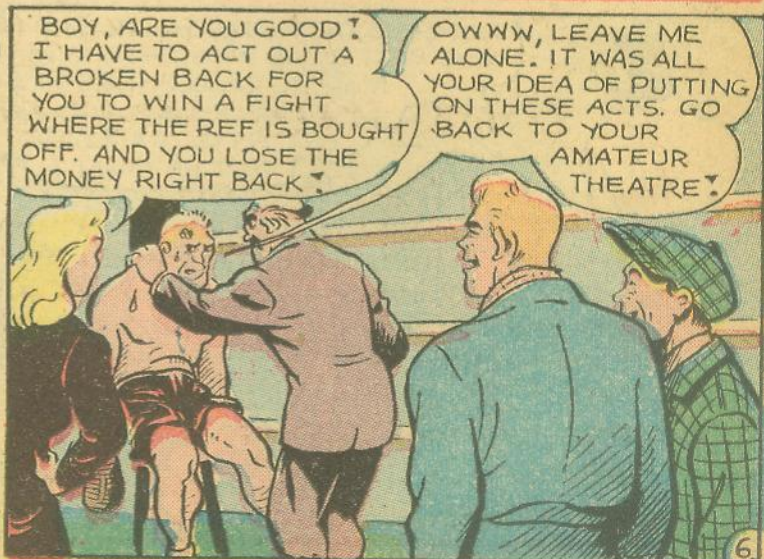
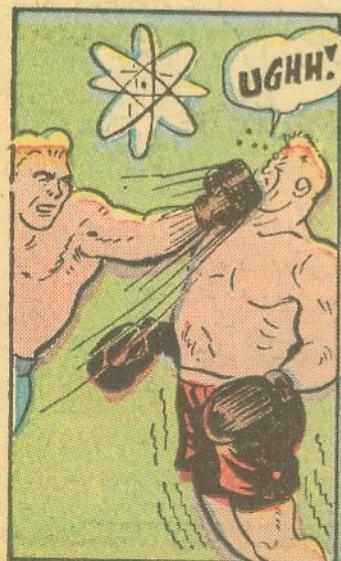
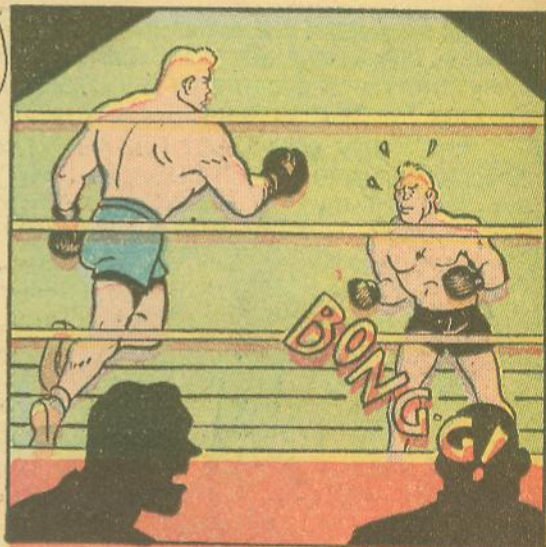
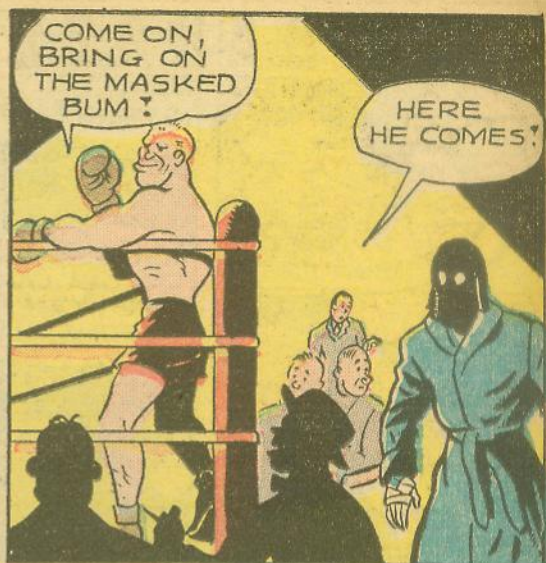
OKAY, BOXIE, PUT ON THE MASK AND COME OUTSIDE--- I'LL GET THAT FIGHT!

AH, HERE'S THE GREAT SAILOR SHIPLEY WHO BEAT BOXIE WEAVER! THE MASKED MARVEL CHALLENGES HIM TO LAST ONE ROUND AND WE'LL BET AN EXTRA \$1,000. THAT HE CAN'T!

COME ON, SAILOR, TAKE HIM UP!

SURE, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO MURDER THAT MUG!

AND A CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MORE EASY MONEY---HAVING AN ACTRESS FOR A GIRL FRIEND BRINGS YOU LUCK.



A BARREL OF FUN!



JOKER FUN KIT.

Each of these joker novelties will produce gales of laughter. Amuse your friends and embarrass your enemies. **EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!**



SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW

JAY SALES COMPANY

246 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

☐ Please rush me the JOKER FUN KIT. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.00 plus a few cents postage & C.O.D. charges. If not thrilled & delighted I can return in 7 days for full refund.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00 now with my order to save all postage charges.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE STATE

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

PEPPER GUM—the more you chew it, the hotter it gets. **IMITATION BED BUGS**—lots of fun. **STINKERS**—for loading cigarettes, they smell terrible. **CIGAR BUTT**—a perfect imitation of a lit cigar. **FOAMING SUGAR**—when victim uses sugar it foams over top of cup. **RUBBER POINT PENCIL**—you can write with it but your victim can't. **INVISIBLE INK**—you can write secret letters or code. **HOT TOOTH PICKS**—perfect after dinner joke. **SHINER**—your victim looks through this miniature telescope and gets a black eye. You get all this for \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Mail the coupon NOW!

BOYS GIRLS



JUMBO SURPRISE PACKAGE

HERE'S A REAL OFFER 30 PIECES FOR ONLY \$1.00

SAY — How would you like a **PACKAGE** full of **SURPRISES** such as Games - Tricks -- Puzzles -- Brain Teasers — Crosswords "History Quiz Photos" -- Novelties, some so illustrated that you can make yourself, also **SECRETS OF MAGIC** - this book contains more than 80 tricks (50 pages) that you can do, tricks with cards -- coins -- matches Hypno-Magic - Gags -- Mental Effects -- Mind Reading -- with illustrations.

FREE

You will also find in each package a **SPECIAL GIFT SURPRISE** of a smart **RING** set with beautiful colored stone. Ring is gilded metal & looks like the real thing; so be the first in your neighborhood to order the **JUMBO SURPRISE PACKAGE** full of thrills as well as **EDUCATIONAL — CREATIVE — EXCITING**. Sure you get all this for only \$1.00. **WHY?** Because this package is made up **SPECIAL** for readers of this Book exclusively & cannot be obtained elsewhere. **IMAGINE** — An assortment of 30 different pieces for only \$1.00.

SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW

JAY SALES CO.

246 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

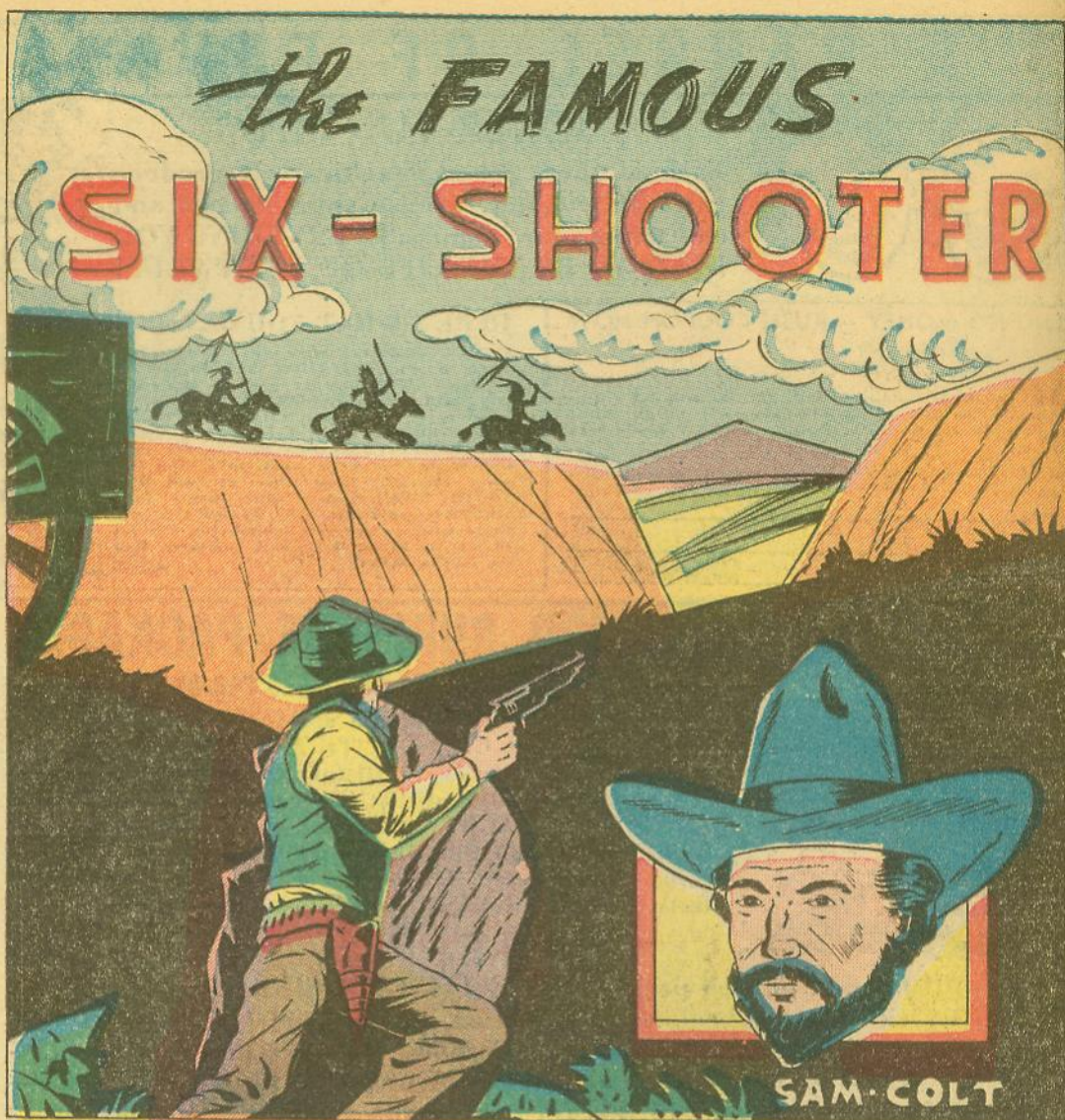
☐ Please rush me the **JUMBO SURPRISE PACKAGE** — containing 30 pieces. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.00 plus a few cents postage & C.O.D. charges. If not thrilled & delighted I can return in 7 days for full refund.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00 now with my order to save all postage charges.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & ZONE STATE



PART OF THE ADVENTUROUS AND COLORFUL CAREER OF SAMUEL COLT, INVENTOR OF THE FIRST REPEATING FIRE-ARMS, WAS CONNECTED WITH THE HAND GUN WITH A REVOLVING CYLINDER. IT WAS SO PERFECTLY CONSTRUCTED THAT IT IS STILL BEING MANUFACTURED. HIS INVENTION BROUGHT ROMANCE TO THE WEST.

BUT THERE IS MUCH MORE TO THE STORY.

IN 1814, WHEN SAMUEL COLT WAS BORN, NEARLY ALL GUNS WERE FLINT-LOCKS.



SAM COLT, AT 7, OWNED A FLINTLOCK PISTOL.

AND SAM COLT WAS SOON STUDYING A BOOK FROM WHICH HE LEARNED HOW TO MAKE GUNPOWDER AND A GALVANIC BATTERY.



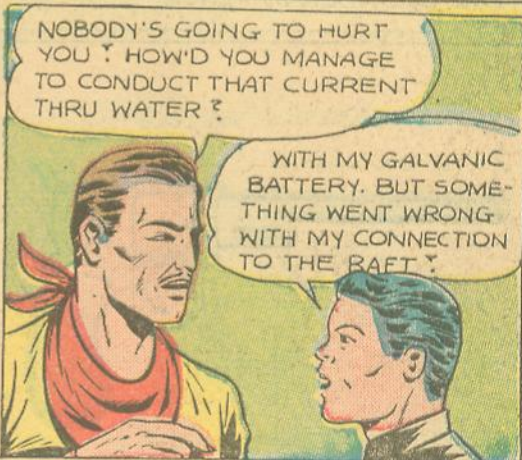
THEN SAM COLT POSTED A SIGN !



BUT INSTEAD OF BLOWING UP THE RAFT, HE DRENCHED THE SPECTATORS WITH MUD AND WATER !



AND ELISHA ROOT, THE MECHANIC, WAS INTERESTED.



NOBODY'S GOING TO HURT YOU ? HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO CONDUCT THAT CURRENT THRU WATER ?

WITH MY GALVANIC BATTERY. BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH MY CONNECTION TO THE RAFT ?

WHEN SAM WAS 16, HIS FATHER APPRENTICED HIM TO CAPTAIN SPAULDING OF THE BRIG CORLO, BOUND OUT OF BOSTON TO CALCUTTA, INDIA



I'LL MAKE A SEAMAN OF HIM, MR. COLT !

BON VOYAGE !

AT SEA, SAM CARVED A PISTOL



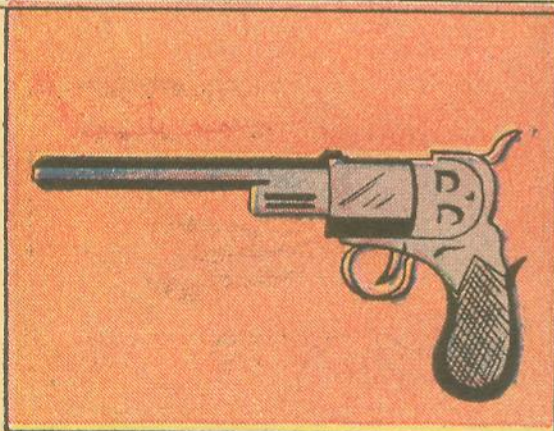
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WHITTLIN' ON, ME LAD ?

A NEW KIND OF PISTOL THAT I'M GOING TO MAKE SOME DAY !

MEANWHILE, AS THE NEW PERCUSSION CAP TOOK THE PLACE OF THE OLD FLINTLOCK WITH LOOSE POWDER, THE COLLIER PISTOL APPEARED. THE CYLINDER HAD TO BE TURNED BY HAND.



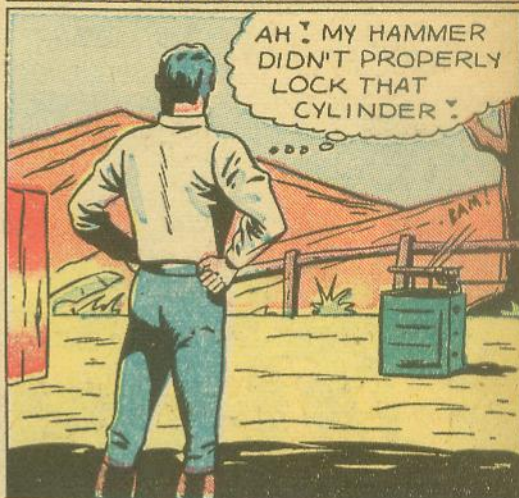
BUT THEN HE MADE A SUCCESSFUL GUN THE HAMMER LOCKED THE CYLINDER IN PLACE.



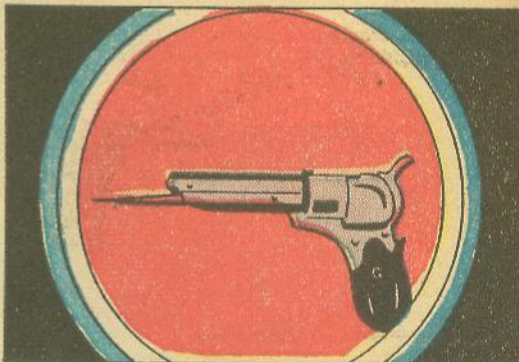
SAM COLT NEEDED MONEY FOR FURTHER PRODUCTION. DISCOVERED THAT HE COULD MAKE \$10. A DAY DEMONSTRATING LAUGHING GAS.



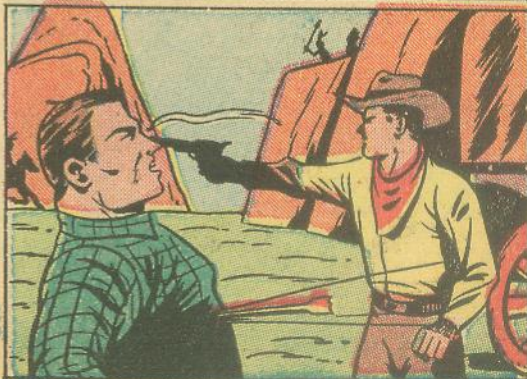
THE FIRST REVOLVER THAT COLT MADE BLEW UP!



BUT BEFORE THE STAND-OFF VALUE OF SIX-SHOTS WAS APPRECIATED, COLT MADE A REVOLVER WITH A DAGGER FOR HAND TO HAND COMBAT. THIS GUN WAS NEVER PUT INTO PRODUCTION.



AS A RESULT OF HIS OUTSIDE EARNINGS, COLT WAS ABLE TO PRODUCE MORE COLT REVOLVERS WHICH WERE DEADLY IN THE FIGHT OF THE SETTLERS AGAINST THE INDIANS IN FLORIDA.



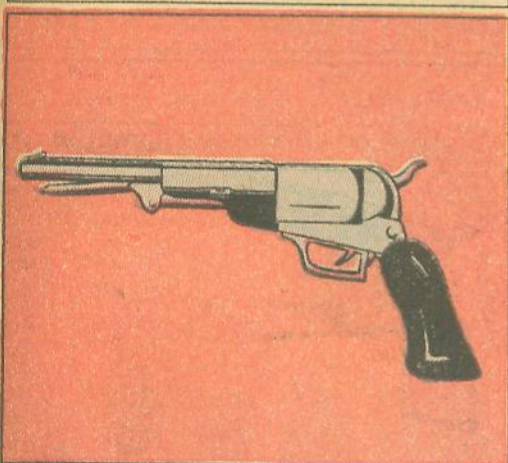
AND IN THE WAR WITH THE MEXICANS IN TEXAS, GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR NEEDED COLT REVOLVERS.



THIS ORDER SENT COLT TO ELI WHITNEY, FAMOUS FOR HIS INVENTION OF THE COTTON GIN.



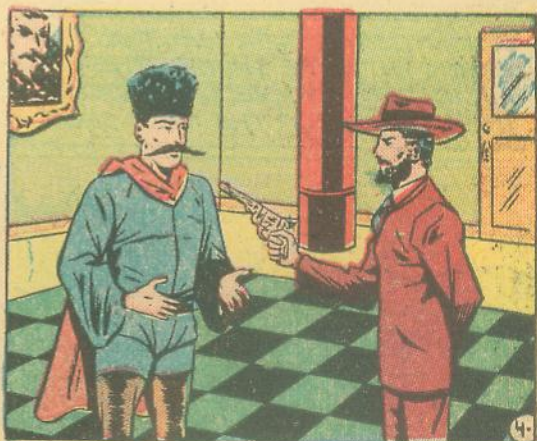
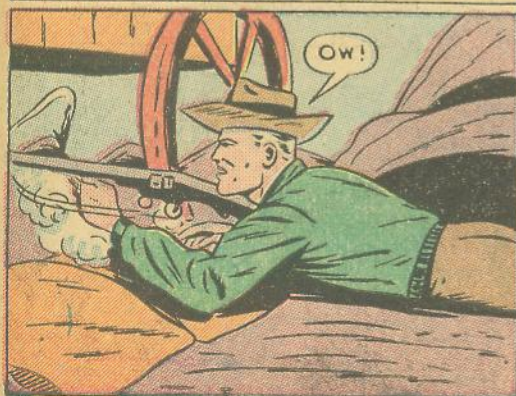
THE GUN THEY MADE WAS CALLED THE "WALKER COLT"



WITH THIS START, COLT OPENED A PLANT IN PATERSON, N. J. HE BROUGHT OUT A "PATERSON COLT" CASED WITH ALL PROPER ACCESSORIES.



THEN COLT WAS MISTAKEN IN THINKING THAT A SAFE RIFLE COULD BE MADE WITH A REVOLVING CYLINDER. MEN SHIED AWAY FROM THE BREECH FLASH.



IN 1854, COLT WENT TO RUSSIA... PRESENTED THIS HANDSOME MODEL TO THE CZAR.

...**C**OLT LECTURED ON THE SCIENCE OF FIREARMS IN LONDON.

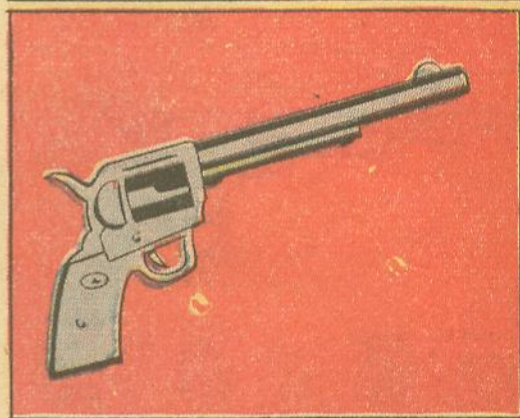


IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR, HE MANUFACTURED FIREARMS FOR THE UNION ARMY.

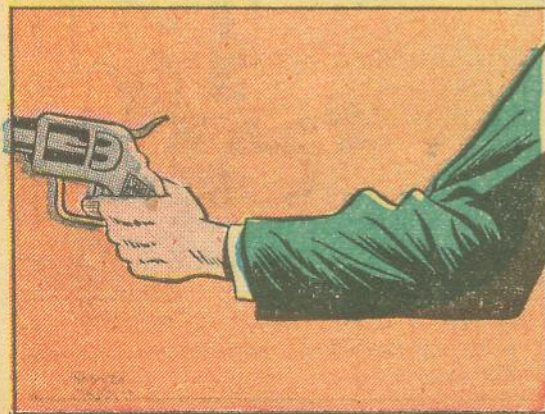
DIED JANUARY 10, 1862, AT THE AGE OF 48 OF A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE ?



BUT THE IDEA OF COLT'S INVENTION WAS CARRIED ON. THIS IS THE FAMOUS SIX-SHOOTER THE COLT COMPANY BROUGHT OUT IN 1872.



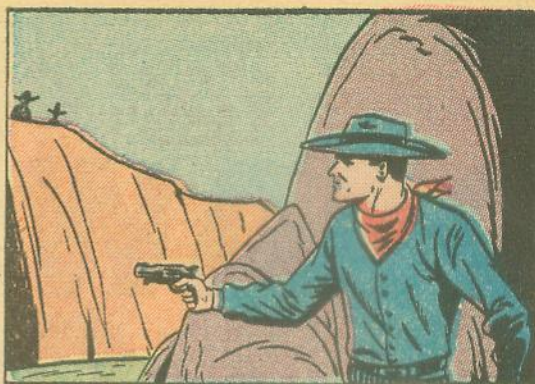
WHEN THE HAMMER WAS PULLED BACK WITH THE THUMB, THE CYLINDER REVOLVED AND LOCKED INTO PLACE FOR THE NEXT SHOT.



WITH THIS FAMOUS OLD SIX-GUN, THE TEXAS RANGERS SELDOM MISSED ?

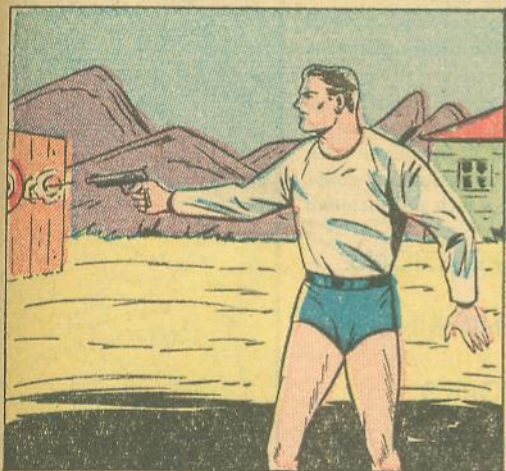


AND HERE'S ANOTHER COLT---
THE "DETECTIVE SPECIAL".

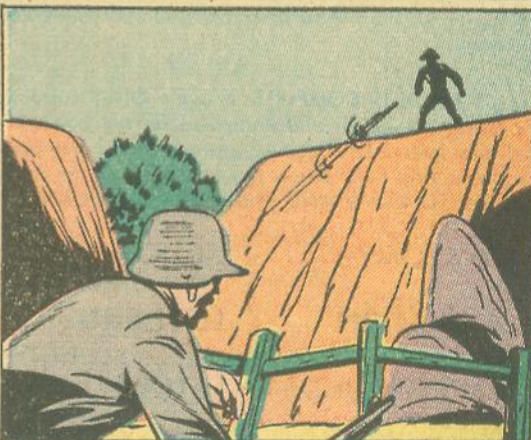


AND THE COLT REVOLVER BECAME
A SINGLE-ACTION GUN. THAT IS,
EVERY TIME THE TRIGGER WAS
PULLED, THE HAMMER COCKED AND
THE CYLINDER REVOLVED.

THEY WERE THE FINEST OF
TARGET PISTOLS.



AND THE ARMY, IN WORLD WAR I,
FOUND THAT THE COLT HAD
KNOCK-DOWN POWER.



THEN THE COLT COMPANY BROUGHT
OUT THE BEAUTIFUL AUTOMATIC
TARGET GUN. IT IS NOT A REVOLVER!



AND THE DEPENDABLE SERVICE
AUTOMATIC OF WORLD WAR II----



"THE WONDERFUL
EQUALIZER"

END

NOW YOU CAN **DRAW COMICS** *AND write STORIES*

FOR COMIC BOOKS AND NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIPS

Do you like to DRAW or WRITE? Then here at last is a PRACTICAL book to teach you step by step how COMICS are produced. How to write stories and originate your own characters and finally how and where to SELL your work.

The elements of comic book and newspaper comic strip drawing have been whittled down to simple, comprehensive, easy-to-follow diagrams.

Professional artists show you how to develop characters, action, backgrounds and stories. In short, how to create and sell your own comic drawings, ideas and scripts.

THIS BOOK IS COMPLETE. It is the ONLY cartoon instruction book of its kind expressly written and illustrated for the amateur and professional artist and writer interested in gaining entrance to the well-paid comic book and comic newspaper strip field. Below is a partial list of the contents which are included in "HOW TO DRAW AND WRITE FOR THE COMICS."

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ACTION

EXPRESSIONS

ANIMATION

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BACKGROUNDS

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IT'S SIMPLE • IT'S EASY

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WHICH WILL BE SENT ME FREE OF ALL POSTAGE AND C.O.D. CHARGES.

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SPEAKING FOR AMERICA



"Being an American is a tough part to play—but twelve million boys in uniform just finished playing it better than any actor could. Down East Yankee—Western rancher—Southern cotton-picker—Catholic—Protestant—Jew—side-by-side, they put on the greatest show in history. Now it's up to all of us to carry on."

Spencer Tracy

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF SPARKLING STARS, published one a month at Holyoke, Massachusetts, for September, 1940.

County of Hampden
State of Massachusetts ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared MARY E. GALLAGHER, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the owner of the SPARKLING STARS, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of— Post office address—
Publisher—Holyoke Publishing Company, Holyoke, Mass.
Editor—Philip Steinberg, 1475 Broadway, New York City
President—Sidney R. Cook, 32 Cypress St., Springfield, Mass.
Treasurer—Sherman H. Bowles, 32 Cypress St., Springfield, Mass.

2. That the owner: (If not owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Mary E. Gallagher, 32 Cypress St., Springfield, Mass.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(MISS) MARY E. GALLAGHER
(Signature of owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of June, 1940.
[Seal.]

SIDNEY R. COOK
(My commission expires Feb. 9, 1951.)

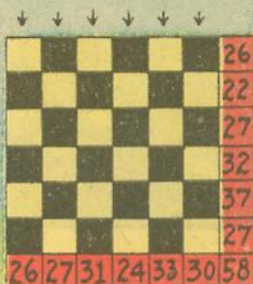
Puzzle Page

YOU ARE REQUIRED TO WRITE THE NUMBERS FROM 1 TO 18, ONE INTO EACH EMPTY SQUARE SO ARRANGED THAT ALL OF THE ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS WILL TOTAL THE EXACT AMOUNT SHOWN AT THE END OF EACH OF THE THIRTEEN ROWS.

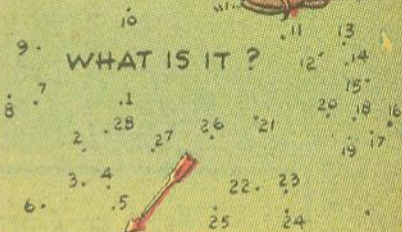


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

A CROSS-NUMBER PUZZLE



JOIN ALL OF THESE DOTS, IN THEIR ORDER, BY DRAWING STRAIGHT LINES, TO SEE WHAT JIM PANZEE SHOT AT AND MISSED.



STYLEDGERMONTAESTE

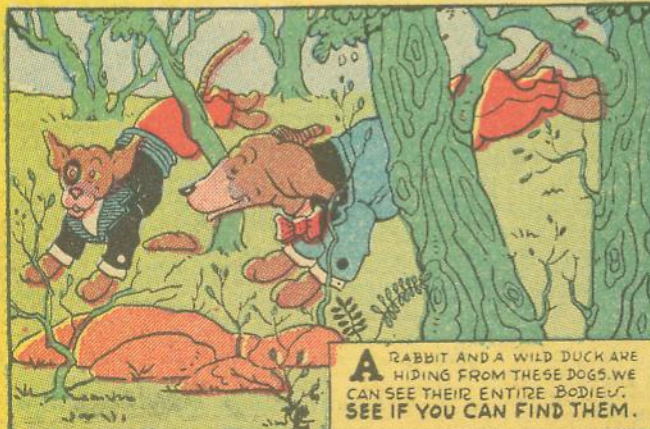
TRY TO SPELL AT LEAST TWENTY ENGLISH WORDS OF TWO OR MORE LETTERS, BY READING THE LETTERS AROUND THE BORDER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ARROWS.



JUST TO KEEP YOU COOL, WE MADE 10 INCOMPLETE WORDS HERE, ENDING WITH "ICE". CAN YOU COMPLETE THEM?

A MAN WHO LIVED IN _ _ _ ICE, AND WHO SOLD _ _ _ ICE CAKE BY THE _ _ _ ICE, GAVE _ _ _ ICE TO A _ _ _ ICE, WHO HAD BUILT HIM A _ _ _ ICE, THAT IF HE WOULD COME TO HIS _ _ _ ICE, HE WOULD BE PAID FULL _ _ _ ICE, IN A _ _ _ ICE, FOR HIS _ _ _ ICE.

PRINT A LETTER OVER EACH DASH.



A RABBIT AND A WILD DUCK ARE HIDING FROM THESE DOGS. WE CAN SEE THEIR ENTIRE BODIES. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM.

_OW	P_G	CA_	O_	_ACAL	_ION
G_UNA	_PMA	_EAR	EL_		
_OG	_AT	_PE	PU_	_INK	
_OE	F_X	E_E	_EBRA	_OW	
DE_R	_AK	_AWN	_UNGA	_OLE	



CAN YOU COMPLETE THE ABOVE TWENTY-SIX WORDS BY USING EACH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET ONLY ONCE? REMEMBER YOU ARE REQUIRED TO PLACE A LETTER WHERE A DASH IS LOCATED TO COMPLETE EACH WORD. THERE ARE TWENTY-SIX ANIMALS.

DETECTIVE CLICK HUNT

THE THREATENING SHADOW OF ATTEMPTED MURDERS DARKENED THE BRIGHT GAIETY OF THE OPENING NIGHT AT THE RODEO...

OH, CLICK, I'M DYING TO SEE MY OLD PAL DON HAYDEN AGAIN! HE INHERITED THE SHOW FROM HIS DAD.

SO MY NEW RIVAL IS A BRONC-BUSTER! MUST YOU BE SO ATTRACTIVE ARIZONA?



ATTABOY, DON! RIDE FOR ARIZONA!

SOMETIMES YOU'RE STILL A SMALL TOWN WESTERN GAL, AND NOT THE FAMOUS ARIZONA, NIGHT CLUB SINGER.



THE YOUNG COWBOY SHOWMAN OPENS HIS RODEO BY DOING THE FIRST ACT HIMSELF.

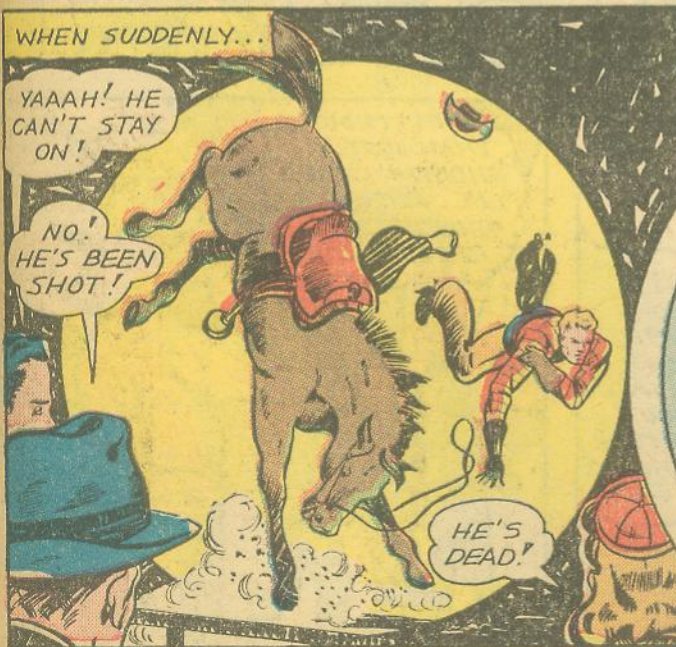


WHEN SUDDENLY...

YAAAH! HE CAN'T STAY ON!

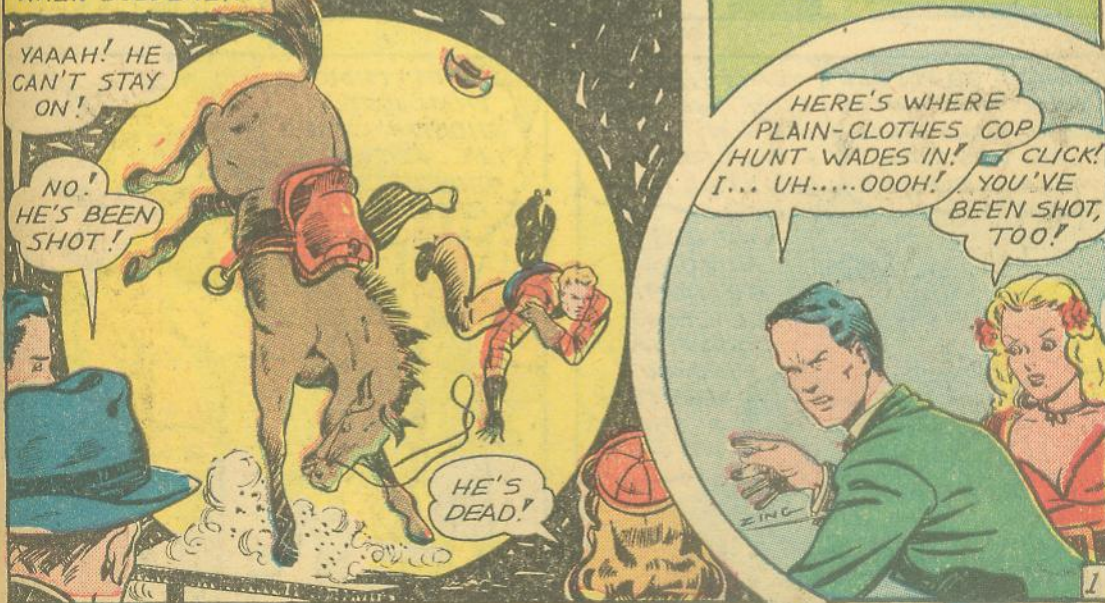
NO! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

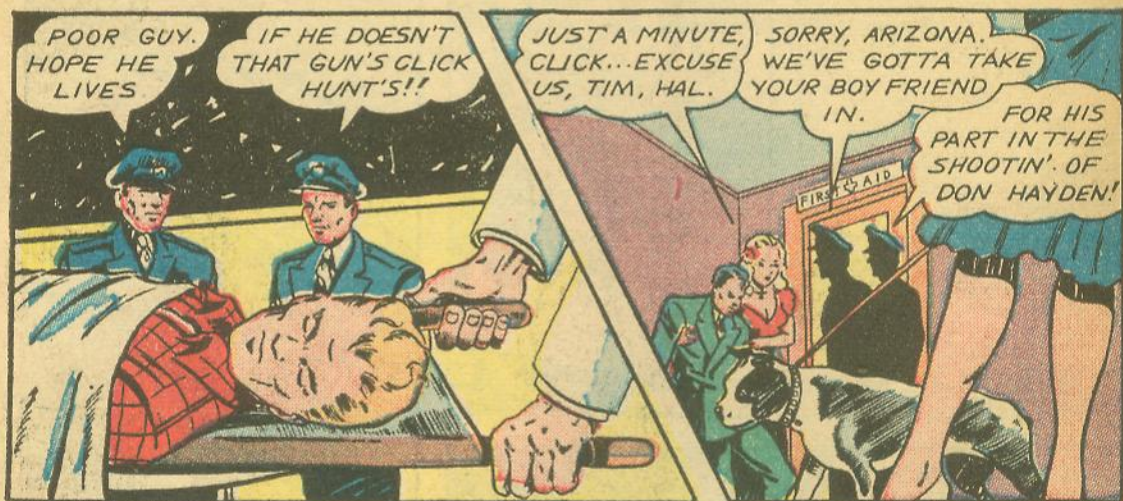
HE'S DEAD!

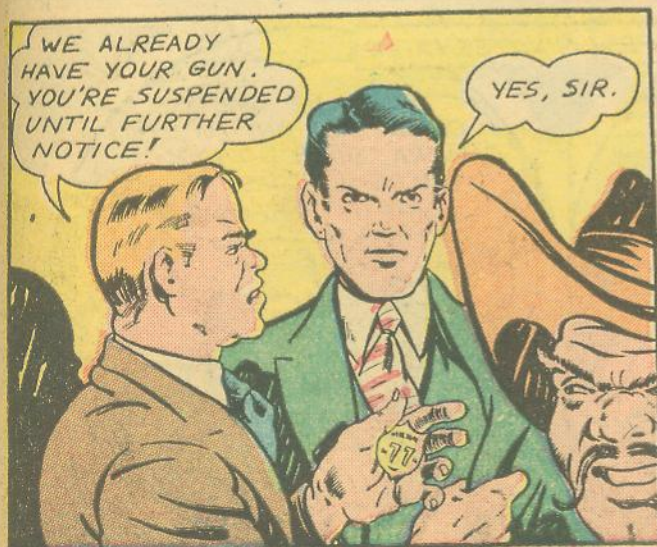
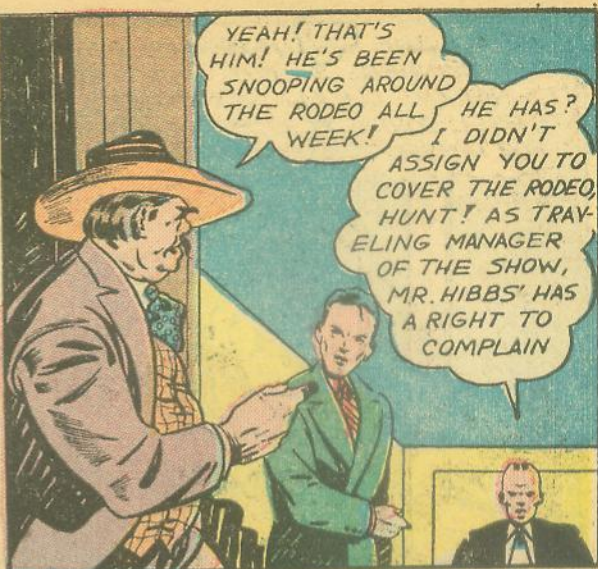


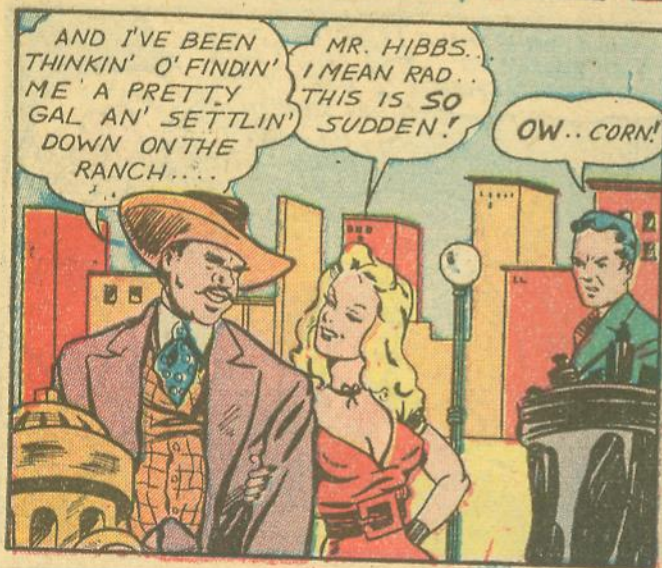
HERE'S WHERE PLAIN-CLOTHES COP HUNT WADES IN! I... UH.....OOOH!

CLICK! YOU'VE BEEN SHOT, TOO!









THAT NIGHT, BENT UPON BREAKING THE RODEO RACKET, CLICK ENTERS CITY ARENA - DISREGARDING LIEUT. STRAY'S ORDERS



HERE GOES AND I HOPE THAT RAT STRAY, KEEPS HIS STOOGES AT HOME...

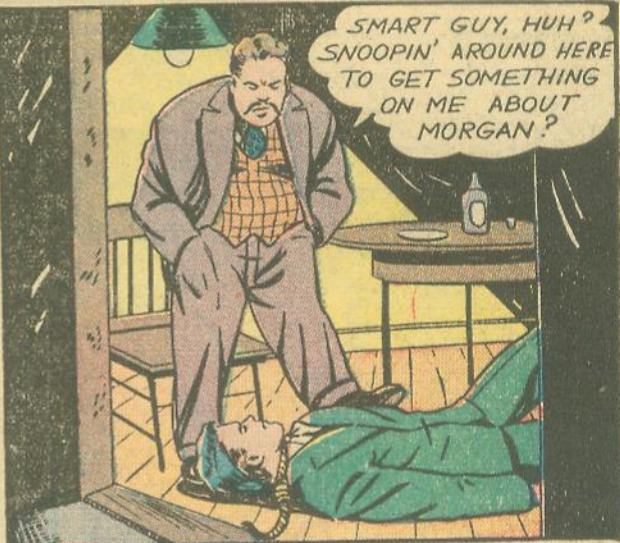
SO FAR, I'M RIGHT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SAFE COMBINATION!



IT'S RAD HIBBS REMOVING EVIDENCE THAT MIGHT HELP THAT POOR CLUCK, LUCKS MORGAN EVER SINCE MORGAN WAS PAROLED, HIBBS HAS BEEN NERVOUS... UH.. OH!



SMART GUY, HUH? SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE TO GET SOMETHING ON ME ABOUT MORGAN?



YEAH! SAY THAT AGAIN, HIBBS!

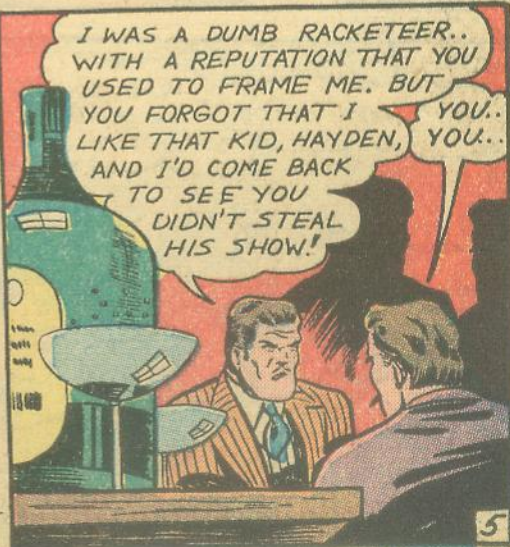
IT C-CAN'T BE...

LUCKS MORGAN!

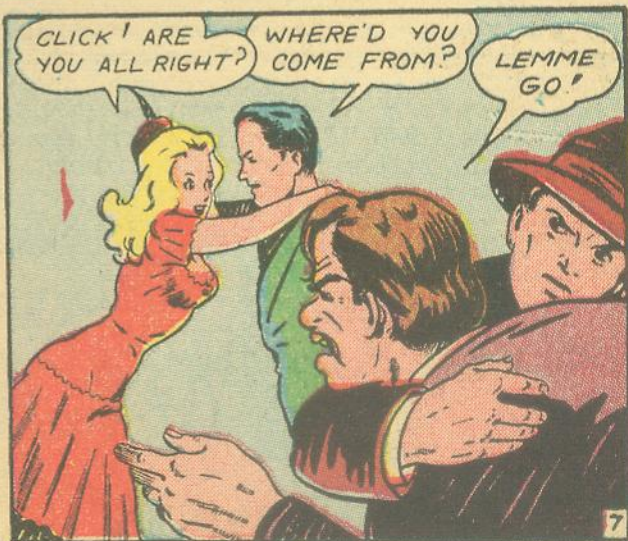


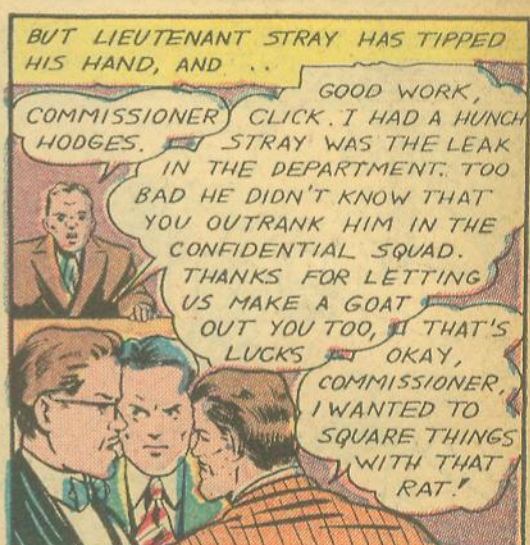
I WAS A DUMB RACKETEER.. WITH A REPUTATION THAT YOU USED TO FRAME ME. BUT YOU FORGOT THAT I LIKE THAT KID, HAYDEN, AND I'D COME BACK TO SEE YOU DIDN'T STEAL HIS SHOW!

YOU.. YOU..









WANTED! Skinny Weaklings to become HE-MEN

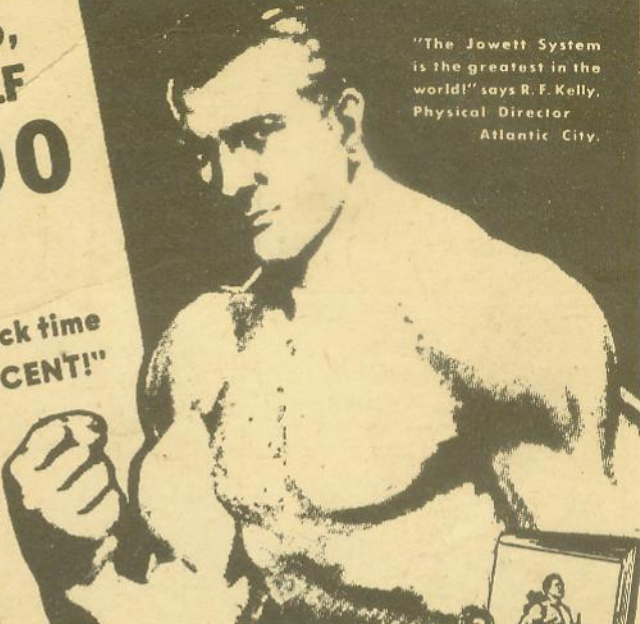
"Let me show **YOU** too,
HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF**
COMMANDO
-TOUGH

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**
whom experts call the
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis stag-happy with their swift powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My method can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F. Kelly,
Physical Director
Atlantic City.



Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

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A. PASSAMONT, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection



REX FERRIS, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett method." Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

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Send for These
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